TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE "manslaughter" verdicts in the Turner and Blythe cases in Toronto within the past few days again brings prominently to the fore the question of capital punishment. In direct contradiction to the charge of Mr. Justice Magee, the jury in the Turner case brought in a verdict of manslaughter, whereas, beyond a question of doubt, the finding of "these twelve good men and true" should have been, according to law, murder, with a possible recommendation for mercy.

George Tate Blackstock, K.C., Crown prosecutor, describes with much disgust the jury's verdict as absurd, for the killing of the infant child of Mrs. Authors was, he calls it, "blue, black murder or nothing." Following almost immediately upon the jury's verdict, the Grand Jury, through Mr. Justice Magee, recommended the abolition of trials by jury in cases where capital punishment might apply. Replying to the presentment, his Lordship stated that he did not by any means approve of doing away with jury trials, and he very rightly pointed out that a trial by jury is not only an old established British custom, but is a bulwark of safety, which we would do well to consider very carefully before throwing it aside like an old shoe.

If the verdicts in the Turner and Blythe cases mean anything, they indicate an ever growing disinclination among the people at large to take life, even when the prisoner in the dock is guilty of the foulest crime. Life is by no means held so cheaply as it once was. Glancing back a bit, we find that the ancient custom of putting an opponent out of the way by means of a knife or a dose of poison was not looked upon in a specially unfavorable light. Indeed, in a hot political fight, in ancient Rome, for instance, this method generally met with a certain amount of commendation. However, we are now two thousand years older, and I hope two thousand years better, though we still murder men's reputations when the political pot begins to bubble.

In the days of Henry VIII. men were summarily strung up for stealing a shilling, and in Elizabeth's time the death penalty was meted out to the poacher who killed game on Me Lord's domain. Within a hundred years men were hanged for sheep stealing, but as time goes on the work of the hangman, by the will of the people, has become more and more proscribed, until now it is a very serious question whether the English-speaking peoples have not already willed that the death penalty be altogether done away with.

As a matter of fact, with the death penalty removed, more criminals would, in the Canadian, British and American courts, meet with justice rather than leniency. This applies more particularly to the new world, for the British people at home have not as yet become so squeamish about the application of the old Hebrew law of an "eye for an eye and a tooth for tooth."

Here in Canada it is each year getting more difficult to obtain twelve men who will bring in a verdict of murder against a man; while in the case of a woman, such as Mrs. Turner, it is well-nigh impossible. Nor are the jurymen the only ones who err on the side of leniency. I well remember a celebrated criminal lawyer, whose work was ordinarily on the defence side, but who was employed to prosecute a woman for murder (a foul crime of which she was unquestionably guilty). In this case the prosecution was lamentably weak, and the woman received her freedom. "Hang it all," remarked the great criminal lawyer after the case was concluded, "what could I do? Where is there a man who can hang a woman!"

The criminal history of the continent is filled with parallel cases. A juror is sworn in, and he has every intention of doing his full duty. But when the crisis comes, when that juryman is asked to share in taking the life of the man or woman in the dock, for this is what it really amounts to, he hesitates, and well he may. If, on the other hand, this criminal was to receive a life sentence, which is in many ways far worse than death, that same juryman would have no hesitancy in doing his full duty. A life for a life is the survival of an age now dead and gone; a remnant of a stern old code which has every appearance of being in the process of dissolution.

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THE time for the opening of the Canadian Parliament is approaching, and common mortals who sit at home and read newspaper accounts of the proceedings are beginning to wonder if the wings of the oratorical M. P's. are to be clipped the coming session. Each session of Parliament witnesses the same old steady stream of debate, interruptions and dog-eared oratory by a lot of members who should be seen and not heard. If these men who never had anything to say worth recording could be induced to limit their speeches to a few brief minutes, it would not be so bad, but when they come to talk as they often do, hours on end, it's little short of tragic. Members of Parliament with gab plus should be made to take out a license.

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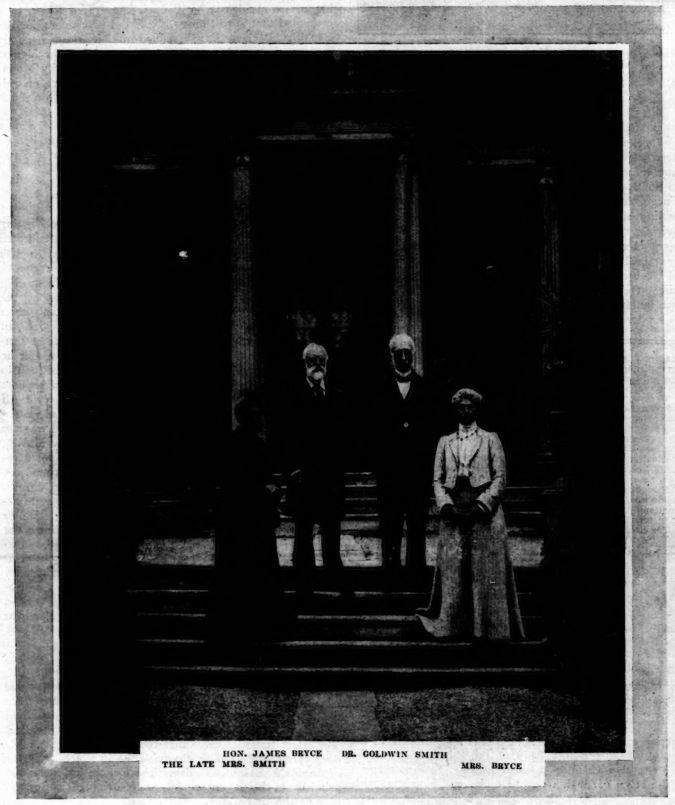
WHETHER or not the brain works more effectively with the owner lying prone is a question which has long been discussed among scientists who make a specialty of the subject, and there now appears good reasons for believing that lying at full length not only relieves what is familiarly known as brain fag, but so stimulates the brain that under such conditions it is capable of doing work otherwise impossible.

In a recent issue of Practitioner, London, Sir Lauder Brunton contributes a paper on this subject, in which he states that fatigue of the brain and the muscles go together, and it is a mistake to regard muscular fatigue as a stimulus to the brain, or mental fatigue as a stimulus to the muscles. Sir Lauder points out that long continued muscular exertion renders the brain anaemic. To prove his case the famous physician gives instances in his own experience when brain work in an upright position was utterly impossible, whereas in a reclining position he was able to accomplish all he desired without the least difficulty.

Sir Lauder Brunton also cites the case of W. G. Lecky, the historian, who, while a man of powerful physique, nevertheless did his literary work kneeling on a sofa which had a large broad head, and in such a position that the tendency was to stimulate the brain with an abnormal quantity of blood, for the red stream through his veins travelled in a horizontal line instead of upward against the force of gravity, as would have been the case had he remained in an upright position.

The reader will probably call to mind two other well known cases where literary work has been done with the author in a reclining position. There was our well beloved Robert Louis Stevenson, who because of his frail body, and gradually declining health, did a large part of his best work on the broad of his back. Another instance is that of Mark Twain, who does a goodly share of his literary work in bed, for the reason, as he very frankly puts it, that he is too lazy to get up. Mark, resting on his spinal column, his shaggy head propped up on a pillow, a big cigar between his lips and a writing pad in front of him, is a familiar figure to all who peruse current literature. Then, again, there were two or three of the great French authors of the past generation who did the far greater share of their work in bed, and the list even goes back to the early Greek and Roman writers.

It is quite common to hear people, particularly those of a literary turn of mind, state how much better they think, or how much better they think they think, when lying prone; so there may be more in the theory than is now generally admitted, and perhaps the next generation of writers will make it a practice of doing all their work in bed. If it serves to elevate the product of the literary mill, let's hope to live to see the system adopted.



HON. JAMES BRYCE DR. GOLDWIN SMITH
THE LATE MRS. SMITH MRS. BRYCE

A NOTABLE GROUP AT "THE GRANGE."

A photograph taken in 1904, when the present British Ambassador to Washington was a visitor in Toronto.

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OVER in London, England, there is an institution known as the National Sunday League, and quite recently a handsome testimonial was presented to the secretary of this organization by the citizens of London. This secretary, Henry Mills by name, has spent the greater portion of his active career with one object in view, and that is giving the poor people of the British capital—those with cramped lodging, few friends and a dreary outlook upon life—something elevating and at the same time interesting with which to occupy their time upon the Sabbath day.

Through the efforts of Mr. Mills and the National Sunday League the British Museum is open on the first day of the week, as is also the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery and the South Kensington Museum. However, the work did not halt here for Sunday excursions were organized so that these people, cramped up in the city as they are, six days in the week, can at least, now and again, get out in the open and breathe the pure country air.

Nor is the musical field neglected by the National Sunday League, for they have under their jurisdiction no less than seventeen concerts operating each Sunday, and to these 30,000 people congregate to hear the best artists procurable.

The National Sunday League set it down as a principle that the more people they can lure away from London's slums on the Sabbath day so much the better for the people; and now Mr. Mills is working might and main to have the art galleries and like places fitted with electric lights so that they can be thrown open to the public on Sunday evenings.

Londoners look upon this work, which has been carried on for something like twenty years, ever widening its scope, with genuine approbation, but over here we do things differently. If Toronto was lucky enough to possess a public art gallery, which I hope it will realize some day now that the late Mrs. Goldwin Smith generously provides the site, it would, of course, be closed on Sundays, as are our libraries at the moment. And in place of making it convenient for people to take an excursion into the open on Sundays we do all we can to keep them at home.

It is quite possible that with libraries and art galleries open in this province on Sundays some poor folk who never see anything worth seeing in art, and who never read anything worth reading in literature, might derive trifling benefit. And again, it is just possible that some of these people might move upward a peg or two, into a sphere which they knew not of, into a world that to them had been a desert waste. But what matters it! Perhaps after all it would make men and women discontented with their lots, and there is just a chance that they might become ambitious and anxious to make more of themselves than heretofore.

Mr. Mills has a different point of view from that of our Ontario friends, but I must confess to warming to Mr. Mills and his ideas rather than to our own.

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AT the last session of the United States Congress, one of the most amazingly absurd as well as impudent laws crept into the statutes, and my chief reason for mentioning it here is to show what stupid things it is possible for a body of men, ordinarily sane, to do when they gather in a capital city to conduct the public business of a country. This provision makes it a penal offence in the United States to make, issue or circulate any note, check, memorandum, token or other obligation for a sum less than one dollar, under a penalty of a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment for a period not longer than six months.

It transpires that the above provision was hidden away so deftly, in another quite contrary measure, that it escaped general observation. The purpose is, of course, an attempt to effectually block what is commonly known as the mail order business, which in the last few years has grown to large proportions throughout the continent, and was unquestionably introduced by a group of small minded individuals whose specific aim was to stifle business competition.

Of course, no sane community is going to be trifled with in this manner, and it is safe to predict that the statute, like a lot of other dead wood originating in legislative halls, will never be enforced. But at the same time it also indicates that the public cannot be too careful in checking up its law makers. One of the chief difficulties with our system of government is the prolific manner in which we introduce new legislation. Every session of Parliament law after law is placed on the statute books, and most of them, it must be admitted, are fool laws from the very start. What we want on this continent is not more laws, but an enforcement of those already existing.

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WHY do not some of the City Fathers start an agitation for better street lighting? Toronto's business streets, thanks chiefly to private enterprise, are as a rule well illuminated, but the residential quarters are for the most part almost as dark as a well bottom on a stormy night.

Single gas burners, no matter how the lights may be augmented by reflectors, placed at intervals of a block, as they are through residential Toronto, are not sufficient. Even arc lights at such distances would not illuminate the city as it should be. When strangers from other centres come to Toronto and journey forth in the evenings, the first thing they exclaim over is the lack of light on our streets. It is next to impossible to read a street sign, and as for the number on the average residence, this is entirely out of the question.

Of course, Toronto suffers from the disadvantage, if disadvantage it can be called, of having its streets lined with trees, the shade of which naturally makes the thoroughfares darker and the problem of lighting more intricate than would otherwise be the case. But at the same time this can be overcome, not by cutting down shade trees—no sane man would advocate that—but by being more lavish in the use of electricity and gas. I don't imagine that the average citizen would cavil over an extra expenditure in the lighting department. And it is also well to remember that crime does not thrive in well lighted districts. The more light the less policemen.

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THE *bete noir* of the electrician is again on the rampage. From the east and from the west comes the news that the aurora borealis is up to her old tricks. The cable and telegraph lines are being crippled, and the magnetic needle is twitching about until the mariner is not quite certain whether or not he is on his right course.

For years scientists were puzzled over the unexpected breaks in telegraph and cable lines, and it was only in recent years that the true source of the trouble, the aurora borealis, was suspected. With this discovery, however, the electrical expert appears to have arrived at the end of his resources. He knows, for instance, that when "the amber midnight smiles in dreams of dawn" as Bayard Taylor described the aurora, his electrical instruments sputter, stutter, stammer and finally go dumb. He has also discovered that with the aid of the aurora it is quite possible to telegraph and cable between points set wide apart without the aid of artificial electrical current, and in some instances messages have even been sent without wires.

He has become aware that in some manner the earth is charged with electrical currents far more powerful than his own puny efforts have been able to devise. But here he is brought to a halt. What the aurora borealis is; why it comes and goes; why it should appear in one section of the world and then in another, is as much a mystery to him as it was to Pliny nearly two thousand years ago.

Some day, perhaps, an Edison may solve the mystery of the aurora; and this electrician of the future may perchance find a method of harnessing this amber flame; bringing it down out of the heavens for the uses of mortals here below.

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PRESIDENT HERMAN RIDDER, of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, continues to carry on a lively campaign against the United States tariff schedules pertaining to print paper. Among other things, Mr. Ridder warns President Taft that in the face of recent legislation in Canada, prohibiting the export of pulp wood from Crown lands, many American mills must close down for want of the raw material or else move to Canada with their mills. This is precisely what is desired. As to the United States fixing the import duty on print paper at $3.75 per ton, in place of $2 per ton as originally recommended by the Mann Investigation Committee, we here in Canada are not particularly interested. The United States paper manufacturer and the United States paper consumer must face the conditions as they exist. They must have our paper or our pulp wood. The pulp wood they cannot have, for this country has decreed that it will do a little paper manufacturing on its own account, and therefore the curtailment of exports of pulp wood will go steadily on until the time arrives when the shipping of the raw material from Canada will be absolutely prohibited.

The recent legislation at Washington all tends toward leaving the United States consumer of print paper in the position of paying a heavy duty on Canadian print paper or doing without. Whether he pays little or much is not our concern, for be the duty heavy or light, he must pay it just the same. As for the United States paper mills, they already see their visible supply of raw material gradually reaching the vanishing point, and when that day comes, they must either move their mills to this side of the line where the raw material exists or go out of business. It looks as if our turn had come.

As an example of the folly of a high protective tariff, I would recommend to all interested in such matters the present print paper schedule of the United States.

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THERE are already signs on the horizon that the bill which is to give us a Canadian navy will not get through the Senate and House without a deal of opposition and criticism. For instance, Lieut.-Col. James Domville, who happens to be a Canadian Senator of Liberal persuasion recently volunteered an interview in which he roundly slated the entire programme, and at the same time advocated the policy of contributing direct to the support of the British navy.

"How can we have a navy?" said the Senator. "We have neither dockyards nor arsenals nor trained men. If we try to build a navy, it will be a farce; we will make fools of ourselves—I don't care how strong you make

that. Why, it would take us twenty years to build a navy of any kind; and then it would be obsolete.

"I am in favor of doing our share in the defence of the Empire. We should help to keep the family together. But the best way for us is to raise a fund from which to contribute to the British Admiralty. They could make effective use of it. But if we try to have our own navy, it will be a nuisance and not a help to the Admiralty if trouble comes.

"But most of all I am opposed to the idea of a Canadian navy just now," went on the Senator, "because I think it would mean the entering in of the wedge of separation from the Empire."

The Senator then proceeds to make a few remarks regarding the militia department, and as the Lieutenant-Colonel is a military man of some note, what he says is worth listening to.

"I do not like to depreciate what our headquarters staff is doing" he says, "I do not doubt that they are doing good work of a kind. But it is not making an efficient militia. If we were called on to go to war, we would be unable to put an effective force into the field. We would not have enough officers who would know how to command in time of war. What is needed is that the local officers in the various corps should be given opportunities of training. All the control and experience should not be concentrated at Ottawa.

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N a recent issue of the London Daily Mail, F. A. McKenzie deals with the question of American factories in Canada, and the ever increasing tendency of the American to establish manufacturing plants in this country. Of this feature he says:—

"The most significant feature of the American trade campaign is not the predominance of American imports of manufactured goods, but the establishment of branch factories of big American concerns in the Dominion. According to a recent return of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, there are over 140 Canadian factories owned by Americans. This list is far from complete. Travelling over the west, I have come across many others not in it, as, for instance, the million-dollar packing-plant at Edmonton owned by Messrs. Swift, of Chicago.

"The wisdom of this policy, from the American point of view, does not lie wholly in the saving of customs dues. The establishment of branch factories in Canada conciliates opinion and wins support as nothing else could do. There is a strong sentiment in Canada well summed up in the slogan, 'Canada first.' 'If we must buy from outside,' I have been told time after time, 'we would rather buy from Britain than from any one else. But we are going to make our own goods in our own land. Canada first.' The American manufacturer who is able to stamp his wares in the most prominent place 'Made in Canada' has found the most effective form of helping on sales. . . .

"There is a further material advantage. In several lines the goods are largely prepared in the main factory in the United States, and then sent over to a small branch in Canada, where they are pieced together. By this means they enter the Dominion as 'semi-raw material' paying a much lower rate of duty than finished British goods. In actual practise many articles, four-fifths made in the United States, pay less to the Canadian customs than the same lines from England coming in under the preference."

It seems a pity that the British manufacturer has not been as quick to grasp the fact that Canada is a growing market for his wares. British manufacturing concerns now operating in Canada could be easily counted upon the fingers of one hand, while as Mr. McKenzie states, the American concerns literally stretch from coast to coast. John Bull's conservatism has lost him markets before now, but he appears never able to learn the lesson.

THE COLONEL.

Clerical Rebates.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Have been in the hospital for some time; hence the delay. Please find enclosed two dollars as subscription to your paper from September 27, 1909, to September 27, 1910. As I am a Methodist minister, would it not be a charitable and philanthropic thing for you to give me a rebate on my subscription price to your paper? Don't you think that it is time for Saturday Night to be doing a little missionary work? Have been quite interested in your correspondence re "Ministerial Rebates." Yours truly, C. P.

Stratacona, Manitoba.

NOTE.—The Editor of this paper has succeeded in extracting the sum of fifty cents in good Canadian money from the treasury of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT and the same is this day forwarded to the gentleman who wrote the above. The Editor is not moved to pity because the gentleman's chosen profession is that of the "cloth," but at the same time the Editor appreciates a man who can look at both sides of a question even if he is an interested party. If you don't need the money, Mr. Stranger, pass it on to some one who does.—EDITOR.

No Stranger Need Apply.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me space in your paper for the following? The G.N.W. despatch published by The Globe, October 9, 1909, misrepresenting the attitude of the Anglican clergyman in the Greensville, Ont., burial case, and corrected by request, was but a natural misunderstanding consequent upon the attitude of some authorities in Anglican church cemeteries. Whether or no the Rev. Mr. Bennett refused the Presbyterian minister permission to officiate in the cemetery, that is exactly what occurs in St. John's or Norway cemetery, Toronto, almost daily, to the great dissatisfaction of those not acquainted with the facts, who buy a grave or lot in that cemetery, and find that no matter to what denomination they belong, none but an English Church clergyman is permitted to conduct service at the grave. Until about eight years ago St. James' cemetery followed the same policy, but have since given any minister liberty to officiate. If the Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reid, rector of St. John's Church, would do likewise, would be a great comfort to many who, preferring St. John's cemetery for various reasons, select ground and pay for it, and are then denied the right to have their own minister officiate at the burial of their dead.

A. W. MILES.

396 College street, Toronto, October 22, 1909.

Informer, Judge and Governor-General.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto:

Sir,—A correspondent encloses me a letter from Rev. T. Albert Moore, which says: "You are carrying on work of . . . . on the Lord's day. This is very clearly forbidden by the Lord's Day Act. We have no desire to cause you trouble or expense . . . . . If you will state by return mail that this Sunday work will not be carried on hereafter, we will not report this complaint."

This letter is written on blue paper with the name of Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, printed as one of the vice-presidents, evidently to impress the recipients with the idea that it is official. It reminds me of the documents issued by a collection agency some years ago, headed with the Royal Arms and couched in official terms, until the police stopped their career.

Note the triune character of Mr. Moore: he poses first as a judge and brings in a verdict of guilty; he next suggests the congenial role of informer; then taking a final soar as acting Governor-General, he promises a conditional pardon. If it were not for the annoyances these letters cause, they might be treated as jokes. Gilbert and Sullivan never invented a more ludicrous situation than a combined informer, judge and governor-general.

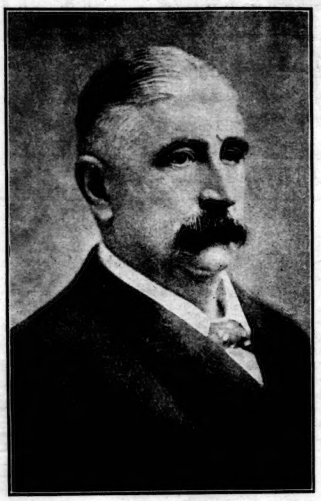
Mr. Moore knows that he dare not, and that the Alliance has no intention, of laying all the informations threatened, as every individual case must have the consent of the Attorney-General before a summons can be issued. It doubtless would be given in some instances, but freak legislation cannot be enforced against a whole community, as was proved in Winnipeg when several hundred citizens were summoned at one time and all laughed out of court and dismissed. Since then the Winnipegers have not been troubled.

If every person who receives or has received similar letters from the Lord's Day Alliance during the last year will send them (or copies) to Mr. Victor Gilpin, secretary and organizer of the Rational Sunday League, Temple Building, they will be dealt with. If the recipient is a member of the League, their solicitor will look into it and advise.

Finally, if everyone receiving one of these impertinent letters would buck up and fight, this T. Albert Moore nuisance would soon be suppressed.

I doubt if there is another civilized community in the world which would permit a private individual to assume the official functions of this T. A. Moore without bringing them to a summary termination. J. ENOCH THOMPSON.

Toronto, October 26, 1909.



SIR RALPH WHITNEY,
Newfoundland's New Governor.
Sir Ralph has served the British Crown in many capacities previous to his present appointment.

Sir Ralph Champneys Williams, Governor of Newfoundland, was born in 1848, and educated at Rossall College, a typical English public school. As a young man he voyaged to Australia, and spent two years there travelling, hunting, and overlooking the country. Then he went to South America and explored Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, hunting and voyaging along great rivers, and scaling high mountains, living with the Indians, and acquiring valuable data of a region that was a veritable terra incognita thirty-five years ago. Canada saw him next in 1876, when with his bride of a year he located in Quebec. Sir Ralph's sixty-one years rest lightly upon him. He stands six feet two in his stockings, weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, and is still as straight as an arrow and vigorous withal.

The New Persian Prime Minister.

ALL powerful in Persia to-day is the Sipahdar, who, as is briefly cabled from Teheran, has been appointed Prime Minister of that distressful country. A letter from Teheran describes him as a man of exceptional strength of character, who has a remarkable career behind him.

His ancestors were all famous Persian ameers and army leaders. His real name is Mohammed Velikhan Naser-es-Sultaneh, and the title of Sipahdar, by which he is known to the world, simply means field marshal. His age is 65, but he does not look older than 50.

At the age of 10 he was appointed a Colonel in the Persian army, but it was not until his appointment, at the age of 31, to a Generalship of the third class that he began to play a role in political affairs. Toward the end of the reign of Shah Nasred-Din he was entrusted with the control of the national mint. The Persian coinage at that time was, owing to the fall in the price of silver, in a depreciated condition, but Mohammed succeeded in re-organizing it with great profit to the national exchequer.

Under Muzaffer-ed-Din he became Director-General of Customs. In this capacity he laid the foundation of the system upon which to this day Persia's international credit is based and which saved the country's finances during the late troubles from utter ruin.

Afterward, with the title of Ameer and Sirdar (Marshal) he was sent as governor to Gilan, one of the most barren of Persian provinces. Here his efforts lay mainly in the direction of road making, but the people of the province rebelled against the taxation he imposed upon them for this purpose. Eventually he was recalled to Teheran to superintend the reform of the army, on which occasion he received the supreme distinction of Sipahdar.

By this time he was held to be the richest man in Persia, and he added to his fortune still more by acquiring the concession of the Persian telegraph system and raising its efficiency. When the constitution was abolished by the Shah and the House of Parliament bombarded, a revolution broke out in Tabriz and the Sipahdar was sent with an army to subdue the rebels; but as he really sympathized with the liberal movement and foresaw that the entire country would presently turn against the Shah he resigned and went back to his province of Gilan. How he organized a small but very efficient army and captured Kaswin and then Teheran, the capital itself, is a matter of recent history.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.
"Enlarged from an engraved view of London made about 1612." The question now interesting London is where this theatre of Shakespeare's day really stood. The exact location, according to recently discovered records, however, point to its having been on the north side of Park street, in place of on the south side, as was generally believed for many years.

The Tablet designed to mark the site of the old Globe Theatre in London where Shakespeare played.

Great Canadian Tunnels.

PRESS reports from Montreal state that work has been completed on the greatest tunneling ever attempted in Canada, namely, the two spiral tunnels on the main line of the Canadian Pacific between Field and Hector. Several miles will be added to the length of the track, together with more than a mile of tunneling and a couple of bridges, but the "Big Hill" grade will be so reduced as to more than double the tractive power of the locomotives. While the work meant the excavation of 650,000 cubic yards of virgin rock, the employment of 1,000 men for twenty months, the boring of about 1.5 miles of tunnels through mountains 10,000 feet high, and the building of two bridges over the Kicking Horse River, it is estimated that it will prove a splendid investment for the Canadian Pacific. It will reduce this big grade from 4.5 to a maximum of 2.2. This will mean that the biggest obstacle to the running of trains over the Rocky Mountains has been removed, and that in the future on this section of the line two engines will be able to do much more work than four have hitherto been able to do, at one-third less expense to the company, and with an almost complete elimination of the ever-present risk to life of operating trains on a steep grade. The cost of the improvement was $1,500,000.

An Anglicised Sultan.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar who is once more visiting England, is no stranger there, for he was educated at Harrow and at Oxford, and, of course, speaks English well. He is a fairly good sportsman, playing racquets, football and tennis; and he early caught the motoring craze—his chauffeur once having been stopped by the police for exceeding the speed limit. The Sultan's chief hobby is a curious one—it is the collecting of clocks, of which he has a huge number in his far-off palace at Zanzibar. His Highness is still quite a young man, but he has been married many years, having wedded his cousin when he was sixteen and when she was only eleven years old. The Sultan's full name, by the way, is Seyyid Ali Bin Hamud Bin Mohamed Bin Said Zin Sultan.

One of the Sultan's former visits to England was the cause of an amusing incident, which is related by M.A.P., of London. The mayor of a certain university town received a telegram one day asking him to show round the Sultan and a distinguished party. The mayor did his best to comply, and later on a party of dusky guests arrived with an interpreter, and were received in state by the mayor and the town clerk. They were shown the "sights" and were offered a banquet. The latter, however, they declined, and returned to London. Afterwards it was discovered that the whole thing was an elaborately got-up hoax. The "Sultan and his suite" were Englishmen disguised, the real Sultan having been in London all the time and quite unconscious of the joke that was being perpetrated in his name.

Strange Old World Customs.

CUSTOMS and habits directly traceable back to the end of the Stone Age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Rumania, says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the current issue of the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Rumania over 54,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwellings of the Stone Age.

As recently as in the '80s millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was still crushed in Rumania by means of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. To-day the Rumanian peasants still use ploughs that are really no better than pointed stakes. At funerals a repast named coliba is partaken of, consisting of soaked and boiled corn the exact way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe.

Even to-day crab apples and wild pears are the only fruit known to the Rumanian peasant, and his vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from the sunflower, hemp and gourd seeds. Medical men in rural Rumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

Americans as Emigration Experts.

LIFE, the New York humorous weekly, can get a little fun out of the most serious subject. For example, read this bit of amusing comment:

We certainly are smart people in this country, and we do well a good many things that we undertake, even when they are novelties.

For example: Since civilization first intruded here we have, until very lately, done hardly anything at all in the line of emigration. But three or four years ago some of our people began slipping over the northwestern line into Canada. And last year we passed over to that country 59,832 citizens who took with them *sixty million dollars!*

Can any country, however experienced in emigration, do better, as to quality than that?

Whenever we settle down seriously to emigration competitors are going to know it.

George Whitefield, the most persuasive preacher England has produced, who died on September 30, 1770, could appeal so powerfully to the emotions that he once enticed all the money from the pocket of the prudent Franklin. Yet he strangely anticipated some modern unromantic views on the subject of marriage. In 1740 he applied to the parents of a young lady for the hand of their daughter, adding: "If I know anything of my own heart I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." When this prosaic proposal was declined, says The Westminster Gazette, the undaunted Whitefield married an elderly widow, "neither rich nor beautiful." This "Merry Widow" did not make a congenial helpmate, and Whitefield remarked, with refreshing candor, that "her death set 'his' mind at rest!"

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FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

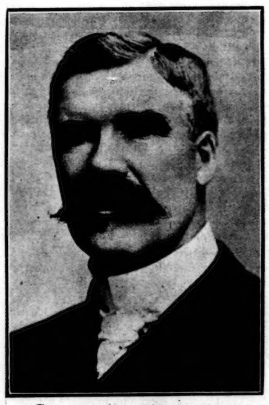
MONTREAL, October 25, 1909.

WHEN the miners up at Cobalt sit down to spin yarns about the great men of the camp, they get round, sooner or later, to John McMartin. John, they say, made La Rose Mine, and if you listen to the stories they tell about John and his particular crowd, you will soon become very curious to meet him. When you do meet him you will see a man of striking appearance, rather over the average size and with remarkable, deep-set eyes and a face expressive of keenness and self-possession. He is quiet and reflective but quick to act. He is rather of the western type, resourceful and rugged in mind and body and showing the marks of a good many hard knocks. He came from Glengarry—whence, say Glengarrians, have come great men—and his life has been spent mainly in railroading, in various capacities, ranging up to contractor in Ontario, British Columbia and the United States. It was a life of ups-and-downs, with a full share of downs and of hard work. With his grey moustache and his slightly stooping frame, he looks every day of his half century of age.

***

Vacates Presidency

John McMartin, however is now a millionaire. He voluntarily stepped out of the presidency of La Rose, the other day, having between one and two million to the good, and now it's up to D. Lorne McGibbon to preside over the destinies of the great mine. With John McMartin, went his brother Duncan, taking probably an equal sum with him; and about the same time, or not long since, went Henry and Noah Timmins and David Dunlop, with perhaps three-quarters of a million each. Other associates also took away some nice profits from the mine that made Cobalt famous, and there was a passing away of old things and old recollections which connected La Rose with the early life of the camp—if a camp which is still in its long dresses can be said to have had an early life as yet. At any rate, it was a severance of no small interest and importance to the camp as well as to financial circles throughout the whole of Canada. In fact, it is doubtful if Canadian financial circles ever drew a much quicker gasp than when the telegrams announcing the changes in the directorate of La Rose came in a few days ago, from New York, and it was found that D. Lorne McGibbon had been made president, and that Shirley Ogilvie, Alex. Pringle, Victor E. Mitchell, and Major George Washington Stephens had gone on the board. La Rose control seems now to be in Montreal.



John McMartin, miner and mine owner. One of the most picturesque figures that Cobalt has produced.

***

La Rose Discovery.

John McMartin's connection with La Rose mine dates almost from the day of its discovery. He had returned to Ontario about the beginning of the nineteen-hundreds, and had been carrying out a contract on the Algoma Central, afterwards taking one to build some twenty-five miles on the north end of the Toronto-Sudbury branch of the C.P.R. About this time, the advance guard of the builders of the T. & N. O. was working its way up through the northern country. With it was Fred La Rose and Duncan McMartin. One day, Fred bumped into some ore that looked pretty good both to him and to Duncan McMartin, to whom he showed it. Next day, they took a short, but profitable walk along the proposed line of railway and located the original La Rose Mine as well as the La Rose Extension, and went halvers on the deal. It wasn't long till the camp was on fire with the news, and for the balance of the season railroading in that vicinity became little more than fiction. But Fred and Duncan were not to remain in undisturbed possession. Shortly came prospectors from Haileybury, claiming prior discovery, thus introducing the act in which John McMartin appears.

***

John McMartin on the scene.

In the legal difficulties which now confronted them, Fred and Duncan required assistance, so, making their way back to Sudbury, they laid the case before John McMartin. The up-shot was that John undertook to fight the matter out before the courts on consideration of a one-quarter interest in the discovery. In the end, being a good fighter, he succeeded in establishing title, and the following year La Rose began making shipments. Meantime, the connection with the Timmins Bros., the Mattawa general store keepers, as well as with David Dunlop, lawyer, was established by their purchase of the half interest of La Rose in the original claim. Fred received $27,500 and still retained his half-interest in the La Rose extension. In 1904, while La Rose was getting ready to ship, the wonderful discovery of the Lawson mine was made, and John McMartin was all ears to hear what was going on. Soon a dispute regarding possession arose here, too, and once more John McMartin took up the fight. It was in May, 1905, that three of the contestants, each entitled to one-quarter interest, offered to sell out their rights to him for $25,000 each, the conditions being no title, no money. John accepted the offer and agreed to carry on the fight at his own expense.

***

A Battle Royal

Then ensued one of the most hotly-contested legal battles ever waged in the Canadian courts, and if any ever doubted John McMartin's ability and readiness to fight, this encounter must have undeceived them. At one stage or another in its progress, the case came before fifteen judges, and almost every leading counsel in Ontario and Quebec was connected with one side or the other. The fight spread over three years and was eventually adjusted out of court, the opportunity for the settlement arising out of the consolidation of Lawson with La Rose and other mines. History and fortunes have piled up so rapidly in Cobalt that it is almost with a shock that we recollect that it was only last spring that Lawson was released and that to this day the La Rose Company has not had a chance to get it in shape for shipping. One of the features of Cobalt camp has been the fights for ownership. John McMartin once had a claim to Nip, itself, which was within an ace of being recognized; and had Canadian financiers been as quick as was he to realize the potentialities of Cobalt and to back him up, Canadians and John McMartin would have divided the whole country up between them. As it was, John has managed to carry off a fair share of the spoils, and not many up around Cobalt way begrudge him it.

***

World's treasury Hard-hit.

The quintette of McMartins, Timminses and Dunlop, under the general leadership of John McMartin, put out their tentacles and bought and sold claims, went ahead operating La Rose, and continued to be the leading spirits in the camp. Then came dark days. Nip had been boomed to $30 and beyond, and was selling on a basis of about $40,000,000. A slump came and found the quintette in the middle of the deal for the University claim. They were buying, as they thought, for $900,000 and selling to New York for $1,600,000. The buyers fell down on the deal Big-minded John handed them back their deposit of one-quarter million. Eventually, the vendors were glad enough to take half a million, and John gave it to them. On another occasion, having a dispute with others regarding certain balances, with a wave of his hand John gave the entire treasury of many thousands to the contestants, and walked off to carry out bigger schemes. About Easter of 1907, convinced of the potential value of Ragged Chutes, he bought the water power rights for $50,000. It was then that he found that he couldn't "go long" of the whole of Cobalt. His crowd was now probably in possession or control of the two forty-acre La Rose areas, the University, the Princess, Silver Hill, Fisher-Eplett, Violet, Lawson and perhaps others. The world-wide financial depression began to hit them hard and they made an effort to cash in some of their chips.

***

The Deal Closed

Throughout, John McMartin is said to have stood for for the square deal. It is said that upon one occasion he turned down an offer by which La Rose was to be put upon New York on a basis of $30,000,000. The falling through of the deal by which London was to have taken La Rose, was doubtless a great disappointment. No very satisfactory explanation seems to have been given at the time, but when the report of the Venture Corporation, the prospective purchasers, was shortly after issued, it became evident what was the matter. It was along about the beginning of 1908 that John McMartin interested David Faskin, of Toronto, and a number of New Yorkers in the La Rose consolidation deal. These interests were already heavily involved in Nip and knew the value of La Rose. The up-shot was that all the properties mentioned above were turned into the La Rose Consolidated Mines with a capitalization of $7,500,000, divided into five-dollar shares, and the headquarters of the company virtually went to New York. The significance of the sensational change in the directorate, a week or so ago, by which John McMartin and his associates transferred administration to the Montreal crowd, is still uncertain, but in any case the makers of La Rose are now free to exercise their activities in some other undertaking. Already John McMartin has acquired apparently valuable interests in B.C. gold deposits and will doubtless continue to live an active life. Of course, it's worth being active a few years when you fill your basket as nicely as John did. T. C. A.

***

TORONTO, OCT. 28, 1909.

FIFTY-FIVE years is a long span in the life of the average man, and when it is devoted exclusively to the interests of a single firm, the possession of exceptional qualities on the part of the individual are clearly denoted. Nevertheless, this is the record of Mr. W. H. Pearson, who, after such a term of service, has retired from the general managership of the Consumers' Gas Company. Standing upon the threshold of a period of comparative repose, Mr. Pearson has reason to view with a good deal of complacency the half century that has marked the course of his more active life. Well earned, indeed, the rest that comes to him after the stress and conflict. Happy the executive officer of a corporation whose directors, after services covering a period of close upon six decades, desire "to record their high appreciation of the long, faithful and efficient services rendered!" Relieved of his arduous duties, may he long survive to reap the rewards of fruitful and honorable endeavor!

***

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That these are not idle words of fulsome praise the records of the Consumers' Gas Company demonstrate beyond possibility of cavil. Operations, in the first instance, were commenced in the year 1848. Six years later Mr. Pearson associated himself with the enterprise. At that time, in 1854, the output of gas was

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1927

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DIVIDEND NO. 77

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FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

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D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, Ontario, 15th September, 1909.

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only thirteen million feet; in the past year it was considerably over two billion feet. Over half a century ago the number of metres in use was somewhat less than a thousand; now they number close upon sixty thousand. In those old days half a hundred made up the sum total of the men employed; now there are on the roll over seven hundred. In the first year of the company's operations, few were the miles of mains laid; to-day the mileage is close upon the five hundred mark. Works that were at the outset, as may be imagined, of a crude and primitive kind, are to-day pronounced by several authorities to be unsurpassed on the continent. While Mr. Pearson would be the first to disclaim credit for all this, it is clear to those that know that his ability and perspicacity have had not a little to do with making the stock of the company an investment safer almost than Government securities. Never varying is the ten per cent. dividend, and it is paid with a regularity that is unfailing.

* * *

Had Many Old Associates.

The passing of Mr. Pearson from an active participation in business affairs, indicates quite clearly the mutations of life. When he entered the ranks of the Consumers' Gas Company only two clerks were employed; now there are forty. And during the past fifty years very few of the clerks have left the company except of their own volition. Mr. Pearson has himself said that it has been his aim to treat those under his supervision with consideration and impartiality, and no better tribute to the success of his endeavors could be had than the fact that eight of the present clerks have been with the company from twenty-one to thirty-five years, three of that number having a period of service covering a period of over thirty years. Mr. Pearson served under all the presidents of the company, eight in number, and no one has bobbed up as yet to suggest that his services did not at all times afford entire satisfaction. And in these days of nerve-racking tension—if not a couple of decades ago—it takes a pretty good man to be able to keep a variety of presidents under leash. One that can do this scarcely requires to consider retirement when "in the possession of a good degree of physical and mental vigor." Viewed casually, it looks as though Mr. Pearson were good for another twenty years without turning a hair.

* * *

Toronto Has Cheap Gas.

But, when all is said and done, perhaps 'twere better to take one's hands from the plough when all is running smoothly rather than to wait for those other years that may bring new problems and new vexations. Here is a company that has been built up after a fashion that has fallen to the lot of few organizations of a similar character. When Mr. Pearson first hove in sight the price of gas per hundred feet was $2.50; now it is somewhat less than a third of that amount, or, to be more precise, seventy-five cents. And Toronto, statistics tell us, is blessed with gas at a lower figure than that supplied by most other companies on the continent, despite the fact that both coal and oil have to be brought hundreds of miles to the works in this city. What this means is seen from that the fact that during the past year the coal required in this enterprise amounted to more than 130,000 tons, and in its delivery over three thousand railway cars were employed. Consequently, the railways benefited by the company's operations to the extent of over $100,000. In wages paid to employes, almost half a million dollars was consumed, while customs duties and taxes ate up almost as much more.

* * *

Electricity Scarcely Superseding Gas.

In these days of trolley cars and automobiles the impression prevails that the poor old gas company hasn't got a chance; that the assignee stands at the door waiting to accord his services. No idea could be more widely at variance with the fact. Judging by the figures supplied by the Consumers, gas is only in its infancy. When one considers that in the year in which Mr. Pearson allied himself with the company, somewhat less than fourteen million feet of gas was used and that last year two billion and a quarter feet were utilized, or nearly eleven per cent. more than the preceding year, to go no farther back, it is plain that the time-worn exclamation "Cook with gas" has behind it something more than the longing aspiration of the advertising man. There can be no doubt that the consumption of gas is rapidly increasing and that electricity, with all its advantages, far from superseding gas, has merely afforded another means of light and heat that has not yet commended itself absolutely to the good will or to the judgment of the community. If it is desired to make the argument more concrete one has only to say that in the past seven years the output of the Consumers Gas Company has increased nearly fifty per cent. Gas rentals the past year brought into the company a million and a half dollars, an increase of one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars over the preceding year.

* * *

Curbing Speculative Frenzy.

When John Bull starts out to chasten his erring child he does so with rare thoroughness. Jonathan had been digging into Papa's coffers in a way that made one's head swim and spending the money in little moves marketwise that were not wholly in accord with British tradition. Perish the thought that such a condition of affairs should be permitted to continue longer than it would take to apply the remedy! Hence up again goes the Bank of England rate. For the third time in as many weeks the Governors of that institution acted upon such a decision—from two and one-half per cent. to three, then to four and now to five per cent. While these fluctuations in the London discount rate are not the awe-inspiring event that they would have been back in the eighties, it is generally admitted that the situation is fairly serious and that monetary stringency is clearly indicated. Very rarely has the English bank rate gone to five per cent. before the end of October. One has to go back a considerable time for a precedent—back to London's "Boer war panic" of 1899, in the first instance, and previous to that again to the "Baring panic" of 1890. Some of the American newspapers, ignoring the speculative frenzy that has possessed the Wall street market for some time, are inclined to see in the stiffening of the discount rate a fear on the part of the Bank of England that it would be unable to maintain a sufficient gold reserve. But the Bank's statement does not bear out this contention.

* * *

Rivers-Wilson as a Nation-Saver.

The passage of Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson from the presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway closes a pregnant epoch in the history of that company. On the London Stock Exchange the increased powers that it is now proposed to give to Mr. Hays were not altogether appreciated but to those in a position to read the signs of the times it was certain that some form of Canadian control was inevitable, especially since the Dominion Government had seen fit to finance the Grand Trunk Pacific so extensively. Most Canadians have been inclined to look upon this latter project as a means devised by the Federal authorities to secure much-needed funds wherewith to carry on electoral campaigns. This view does not obtain in financial circles in London. There they look upon the Grand Trunk Pacific as a monument to the foresight and perseverance of Sir Rivers-Wilson. It is pointed out that this gallant knight saw in the extension of the railway to the Pacific coast the only means to vivify the corpus of the old Grand Trunk and that, but for his insistance, the new North-west would, without any doubt, have become tributary to the Hill system of roads. But this idea leaves out of consideration the fact that the country already had a trans-continental line in the Canadian Pacific and another nearing completion in the shape of the Canadian Northern.

INVESTOR.

Some Facts About Cobalt.

Cobalt is unique in the world's mining in that it lies at the doors of civilization. Those who became rich through its discovery were not mining men—they have never seen a mining camp go into decline. As the crazed miner from Eldorado or Bonanza in Dawson's halcyon days blew in his thousands in the dance halls and saw no end to his wealth, so the Cobalter can see no end to his source of revenue.

But Cobalt has a feature unknown to Dawson until Tom Lawson launched his Yukon gold by his elaborate advertising, and that is paper or stock mining. "There is no pay streak like the public," is an aphorism sound as the foundation of rock. But even this prolific source of wealth has been dissolved by deception and affrighted by assault. The public are quitting buying Cobalt stocks notwithstanding the large factor of the press subsidized to aid their betrayal.

Out of Cobalt itself, and out of the public who were dazed by its glitter, a great deal of money has been extracted, and for several years past this money has been used to support the market. A great many men lied so much to the public, that they began to believe what they said themselves. As a general thing, the mining promoter stocks his wild cat and gets rid of all his paper at a low price, but the Cobalt promoter has chosen to issue, as a general thing, but a portion of his stock at a high price, and failing to see that public interest has drawn away from his monstrosities, has kept supporting the market in the hopes that the mad frenzy which seized the people in the fall of 1906, when Nipissing sold at $34, will come again.

To say that rottenness exists in the Cobalt stock market is a mild way of putting it, yet our good Canadian citizens appear ready, as they always are, to let New York unload on them. This has been lately manifest in the decline of La Rose stock.

According to the engineer's report issued at the time of the La Rose flotation, the mine was worth from three to four millions. Since that time over a million has been taken out of it. To-day the La Rose Consolidated figures on the market $10,000,000. This leaves the burden of $7,000,000 on the Lawson. The Lawson has two neighbors, the history of which is bad, the Foster and the Silver Leaf. Its other neighbor, the Kerr Lake, has a better repute.

That the game must soon be up seems more than likely, and then will come recriminations. That the authorities have been to blame for the robberies that have been committed, is only too evident. Rascals and confidence men who have found Chicago and New York too hot for them, have come here and made their pile under the benedictions of our press, who has had their advertisements. And this is Toronto the Good.

Papers who have made fortunes out of advertising have failed to consult any technical men to report upon the news stuff going through their columns. "'The Flim Flam' mine has struck a vein carrying eight inches of 4,000 ounce ore on the west drift of the 120 foot level," is presented, and every one, from the managing editor to the printer's devil, knows it to be a lie. But it catches a sucker here and there, and the "Flim Flam" stock is washed up on the exchanges, and so the game goes on.

The Financial News employed an expert to report on Cobalt mines, and he intimated that they had reached the apex of their production. The Toronto press raised a howl, and a Montreal paper used up three columns of verbosity trying to put the expert wrong, but there was not much argument in it all.

As a matter of fact, four mines passed their dividends in the past year. In this connection one of them, the Coniagas, was very ingenious. The directors sent round a circular announcing the cut, and stating that they were stopping disbursements to provide a working fund for their smelter, etc., a subsidiary company. It is to be hoped this disease will not spread, or the Canadian Pacific Railway may pass a dividend some day to help out the Soo. Incidentally, it may be said that the Coniagas has resumed dividends, and the stock is around $6.75 per share, while following the passing of the dividend, it sold at $5.25.

Cobalt has corrupted many, and the public press has ever failed to point out the difference between real mining and paper mining. The consequence is that when a prospector comes to a Toronto business man with a proposition he wants to raise money to develop, the business man will remember the paper he paid good money for and say no.

The indications are that New Ontario has a world of mineral wealth, but the mining industry can prosper only in truth, and the main features of Cobalt are not honest.

COBALT.

Dr. Charles Aked, pastor of Mr. Rockefeller's church in New York, is now on a visit to England. To a press representative he said: "I am not prepared to give any views upon American millionaires. You may say it is quite untrue that I have compared rich American women unfavorably with English women. The differences between Americans and English are too big a question to discuss after morning service. Do they work harder in New York than in London? Well, I'll say this: there is no more bustle in New York than there is in London—only more talk about bustle."

Re-opening of the quicksilver mines near Konia, in Asia Minor, which were abandoned centuries ago, has led to dramatic discoveries. The official report shows that in the depths of the mines were found fifty skeletons, with lamps, clay hammers, and other tools made of stone, a quantity of arrows with stone points and a supply of charcoal. The remains are supposed on accurate data to belong to a mining epoch of 3000 years ago.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive.
By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

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will reveal the real trouble, and the advice of their opticians may be followed with every safety.

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Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of

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the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.

The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition
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IT IS THE VERY BEST

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COFFEE ESSENCE
PURE AND DELICIOUS.
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(Successor to the old fashioned wheel castor).

The ONWARD SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE has come to the rescue of all Furniture users. They do absolutely no damage to Hardwood Floors, Carpets or Matting. They are easily attached, neat in appearance, move without noise, and easier than a castor. Made in all sizes, suitable for all kinds of Furniture, Metal Beds and Pianos. Two kinds, Glass Base and Mott Metal Base. Ask your Furniture or Hardware Dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us, and when you buy Furniture or Metal Beds, see that same is equipped with the ONWARD SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE. Write us for free circular. For sale in Toronto by John Kay Company, Ltd.

Onward Manufacturing Company, Berlin, Ont.

"The Cigarette of Distinction"

"Craven"

A blend of various kinds of tobacco, of which the Turkish is just sufficiently predominant to give the cigarette individuality, distinction, character.

Ten for 15 cents

New York, Oct. 27, 1909.

THE irresponsible life of this gay Gotham seems for the time to be torn by strife in all directions. From such apparently unrelated worlds of activity as politics, science, and religion the message is one of burning conflict. The political world has on hand its quadrennial mud-slinging contest for the privilege of spending the city's money. The scientific world has its polar contestants, while the religious world is forming a ring around the hair-pulling contest in Christian Science circles. It is an open question from which of these directions the bitterest acrimony proceeds.

The most aggressive figure in the Mayoralty contest is the usually amiable William M. Ivins, who has undertaken to "show up" the Democratic candidate, Judge Gaynor in his "true light." According to Ivins the saintly savior of this American democracy is a hypocrite in ermine, a common political adventurer, and "a symbol for everything that is indirect and disgusting." And apparently Mr. Ivins has the facts.

Mr. Hearst is devoting himself to the Tammany ticket, coining his familiar epigrams daily, and incidentally paying his respects to his former political ally the ex-Judge. One of the tartest contributions is his reply through the press, to Gaynor's charge of "a breach of faith and plighted word." In substantiation of his claim that Hearst had pledged his support, Gaynor uses a letter from Rudolph Block, whom he describes as "a member of Mr. Hearst's distinguished editorial staff." This is how Hearst describes this member of his staff:

"As for Mr. Block, the distinguished editorial associate to whom Judge Gaynor so respectfully and ludicrously refers, he is the editor of the comic supplement of my Sunday paper, the sponsor for Happy Hooligan, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Judge Gaynor. His interest evidenced so peculiarly in the Judge's candidature merely goes to prove that he has a sense of humor if not a sense of honor."

The campaign has reached an acute stage already, with the verbal odds rather against Gaynor. His efforts to condone Tammany's theft of the Independence League machinery and stand by the Tammany ticket—the most brazen ever offered even by Tammany—all help to substantiate the charges of political insincerity. But then Tammany has the police, thanks to this same Judge Gaynor.

Bannard's voice rises small above the din, but the feeling is growing that he has qualified for the job in ways that if less glittering than glib, will be of more substantial benefit to the citizens. Perhaps the most amusing phase of the contest is the respect shown to Mr. Hearst's candidature by his former enemies. From bandit to patriot is a long step in four years.

* * *

DESPITE the reassuring words from its publicity bureau, there can be no doubt that the Christian Science Church is facing a serious crisis in its government. The excommunication of Mrs. Stetson was couched in all the terms of a mediæval pope; but, whether the modern hierarchy of which Mrs. Eddy is the head, can exert the necessary authority to bring Mrs. Stetson and her rebellious following to submission will be put to the test. Past test cases have invariably shown a degree of spiritual subserviency that is touching, but this may prove an exception. The Directors of the Mother Church have thought it advisable to publish their side of the case in toto, together with a letter of endorsation from Mrs. Eddy. The following letter of admonition to Mrs. Stetson also published in this connection, although dated last summer, is interesting:

"My dear Student: Awake and arise from this temptation produced by animal magnetism upon yourself, allowing your students to defy you and me. Treat yourself for it and get your students to help you rise out of it. It will be your destruction if you do not do this. Answer this letter immediately. As ever your loving teacher, Mary Baker Eddy."

* * *

MEANWHILE Mrs. Gilbert has succeeded in launching her New Christian Science Church. This church is temporarily established in the white and gold ball room of the Hotel Gotham. Dressed in white, Mrs. Gilbert read her announcement, re-affirming the truths of Christian Science, notwithstanding the "errors and superstitions that have for years hampered the progress of the great work; the priestcraft and idolatry that have confused its simple and eternal truths." Here is a sample of the eloquence:

"Unhampered and untrammeled we must march onward and upward under the leadership of God alone, into the dust and conflict of the age-long battle for the truth. . . . Already through the purple mists upon the hills, the dawn is softly stealing. The night is far spent; the day is at hand. After the strong wind that rends the mountains, after the earthquake and the fire, there comes the still small voice which is the voice of God, truth unadorned alone imperishable."

* * *

SENATOR McCARREN'S death removes an interesting and aggressive figure from the fighting lines. Cool, resourceful and courageous, he was probably admired most for the stoical self-possession with which he met reverses, and on the spot set about to rehabilitate himself. Even his enemies admit his courage, and his loyalty to his friends under any and all conditions was notorious. His chief value to the community, however—if he had any—was his ability to cope with Tammany. Not that he was any better than Tammany—politics meant the same to both—but he was a formidable rival of Tammany leader Murphy, and between the rivalry and an occasional falling out, the community sometimes got its due. The antagonism between the leader of the Brooklyn democracy and the leader of Tammany Hall had its origin at a dinner following McClellan's first election. Flushed with success which he regarded as personal, Murphy showed signs of an ambition to extend his political territory. When McCarren's turn came to speak, he lost no time in putting a check on Murphy's designs: "The Tammany organization," he said, "has rendered great service in Manhattan. The Brooklyn organization has attempted to do the same thing in Brooklyn. The two organizations can co-operate without antagonism if the leaders of them show the proper respect for the rights of each other. The Brooklyn democracy will always be conducted independently of any other political organization in the State of New York, and will fight against outside encroachment in spite of the misdirected ambition of the leaders of other organizations." And like the brave Horatius, McCarren kept the bridge. Reforms of all kinds he consistently opposed. He was a bitter antagonist of Governor Hughes, and fought his race track and other measures to the last ditch. Like the politicians of his stripe, he played the game frankly for what was in it for himself and his henchmen. There was at least no hypocrisy about the man.

* * *

THE latest phase of the polar controversy makes Cook's position anything but enviable. The published affidavits of Barrill, the French-Canadian guide, in the alleged ascent of Mt. McKinley, have brought the explorer's veracity into question more deeply than ever. Even his friends are left doubting and anxious. His buoyant offer to escort his detractors up that mountain side to the spot where his records of the ascent lie hid is beset with too many practical difficulties to be regarded seriously. Coupled, moreover, with his other offer to bring back from Greenland the two Esquimaux boys in proof of his polar claims, the hard hearted suspicion is forced upon us that his evidence is kept conveniently remote, and that, as The Post suggests, he is putting off the day of reckoning as long as possible.

I met Dr. Cook at the Arctic Club dinner, and my personal impression was not re-assuring. Nothing that I saw or heard seemed inconsistent with either theory. His lecture tour, with its inevitable harvest of shekels, while these reasonable doubts exist in the public mind, also suggests a lack of certain finer feelings among which we usually name honor first. On the other hand if the affidavits are a "frame up," as Cook alleges, it ought not to be a difficult matter to jail the offenders. The District Attorney would no doubt be glad to act promptly on the evidence. The bare suggestion is significant of the depths to which American exploration has fallen for the time.

* * *

ONLY from the theatrical world comes any message of peace. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" provides the message—one of the sweetest ever delivered from the stage—and incidentally furnishes one of the most agreeable and entertaining comedies we have seen. What its message would be without the authoritative deliverance of Mr. Forbes-Robertson is highly problematical. Its strength, its appeal, and its plausibility are vested in the personal authority of the central character. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," as you have already been told, is not in any strict sense a play. There is no plot, no dramatic conflict of any kind, only a succession of incidents that pass before us with almost panoramic effect. The background is an ordinary English lodging house painted with marvellous fidelity, with some very human and very familiar boarding house types in the foreground. Into this circle comes the mysterious stranger, the passer-by, whose divine character is quietly but effectively revealed and who proceeds at once to set the house in some sort of spiritual order. The character of course immediately suggests Manson in "The Servant in the House," from which the central idea is no doubt taken, and one or two lines borrowed. The treatment, however, is entirely different and the symbolism happily has not been pushed so far, the character assuming ordinary garb, and exerting his influence in a very human natural way. There is no attempt to suggest the Christ—the "better self" he calls himself, a character of great spiritual beauty with here and there a mystic touch. The bounds of the humanly possible are never transgressed.

Mr. Jerome's comedy, moreover, while lacking the great literary and dramatic qualities of Mr. Kennedy's play, contains elements of popularity which the latter lacked. It is already the most distinct hit of the season. The personal popularity of Mr. Forbes Robertson has no doubt had much to do with its reception, and it is a question if he could have selected a part more suited to his splendid gifts of person. One could wish at times he had some of the eloquent passages of The Servant put into his mouth, but nothing could exceed the tenderness and poetic beauty of some of the lines he has. The final scene is one of the most convincingly tender I have ever seen. "Leave takings are wasted sadness," he explains to the little housemaid, gently admonishing her to close the door gently behind him that none may know of his passing.

J. E. W.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator (remarks the London Globe) of the story seems not to have taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that St. Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom under Marcus Aurelius.

An Italian has accomplished the feat of writing 17,000 words upon an ordinary postcard. This is very remarkable, no doubt; but personally we are glad that we have no talented correspondents of this kind.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE,
whose fervid eloquence has won staunch supporters of the new Budget and raised bitter foes.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR,
who made a remarkably strong speech against the Budget and in favor of Tariff Reform.

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Her manager has written the Williams Piano Co. under date of October 5, 1909, as follows:

"I was asked by Mme. Sembrich to request you to furnish one of your excellent 'New Scale Williams' pianos for her concerts in Toronto on Nov. 3rd and in Montreal on Nov. 5th. I know you will give this matter your best attention, and that Mme. Sembrich will be delighted with pianos you will furnish her."

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If man were not vain the power of woman would cease.—Smart Set.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE opening dance of the season was given at Victoria Club by the officers and members on Tuesday night, when a goodly company assembled to enjoy the various good things which had been promised and were faithfully carried out. The floor once and for all removed the sad associations cherished by old-timers of tired feet and and other ills attendant on a defective surface upon which to trip the "light fantastic." The floor was really good. The decoration were well planned, and those who realize what a problem a huge bare rink presents to a willing decoration committee, will give due credit to a happily planned and carried out scheme of embellishment. All around the walls was a soft green lining of fresh spruce and cedar boughs, forming an ideal background for the light gowns and charming faces of the young and enthusiastic dancers, and their uniformed and agile partners. The dancing was not, however, confined to the young contingent, for many an older man and woman joined it and felt all the better for the gay little frisk, and in finer trim to enjoy the very nice supper which was served about eleven. Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, a valued and loyal patroness of the club dances, received for the president, Mrs. Wilson not being equal to the exertion so soon after the advent of the little son and heir. Mrs. Sweny wore a very handsome gown of pearl brocade and some fine jewels.

Colonel Sweny was also a guest, and the son of the house, Captain Sweny, came in later with Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, from a dinner at Llawhaden. There were several other dinners, some of which were for young folks intending to go to the dance afterwards. Mrs. Garrow, whose son was a steward of the ball, and Mrs. Harry Paterson, whose nephew, Mr. Ince, was also a steward, entertaining some young folks. Of course, the lady patronesses wore their smartest gowns and jewels in honor of their husbands' club festivity, and made a stunning group on the bit of cosy corner arranged with a huge rug and arm chairs for their comfort. All around the Victoria rink, in which the dance was held, are deep window seats, which were beautifully arranged as *tete-a-tete* sitting-out places and very much appreciated. An immense marquee was erected at the east-end of the rink, within which were arranged the table of honor and many quartette tables, with pretty shaded lights, and where a hot supper of five courses was served in exceedingly good style by Coles. When the table of honor was surrounded by a brilliantly gowned party of ladies and their escorts, the Highlanders in kilts, the Q.O.R. and Grenadiers in mess uniform, and the committee and genial president with their official badges, while the little parties gathered about the quartette tables settled down to enjoy the excellent menu, the popping of corks, the fizzing of the bubbling wine, the clear call of the bugler to the supper dances, and the glow of many electrics under the red and white striped tented supper room, it was indeed a beautiful and gay scene. Many of the girls in their first season were there: Miss Elaine Machray, a brilliant little figure in deep red with sequin spangles; Miss Clare Denison, in a very pretty white frock with pink ribbons banding her coiffure; Miss Edna Reid, charming and piquante, in a pretty white gown; Miss Beverley Lambe, in white striped gauze with pearls; and Miss Hilda Ingles, daughter of Ven. Archdeacon Ingles, in white silk. Some visitors to Toronto were among the guests: Mrs. Atton Garratt had her young niece, Miss Fletcher, who wore a short pink princess gown; the Misses McLeod brought Miss Campbell-Noble, who looked radiant in pale green satin; Mrs. Ralston, of Port Hope, was a handsome guest in black satin; Miss Hazel Fitzgerald was most attractive in pale blue satin. Major Macdonald came in for an hour or two about supper time. Lady Whitney stayed until after supper, and was in black lace and net. Mrs. Horton Walker wore orchid chiffon over satin, with touches of white and black. Mrs. R. S. Wilson wore a very smart black gown with dull blue and silver trimmings. Mrs. Higinbotham was very smart in white brocade and lace. Mrs. Harry Paterson wore ivory satin, and Mrs. Arnoldi grey satin princess robe with designs in grey applique. Mrs. Glackmeyer was in black and white. One of the stylish and dignified young matrons was Mrs. A. Gowan Strathy in a rose du Barry satin princess gown; another was Mrs. Leigh Hammond, who never looked better; she wore white lace over satin with pearls and pink roses. Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Mackelcan and Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mrs. Macpherson, Messrs. and Miss Miln, Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, Mr. and Mrs. Kearn, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard, Mr. R. Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Prescott, Mr. and Miss Wedd, Mr. Harold Suydam, Messrs. Cronyn, Miss Emily Adams, Miss Norah Warren in a charming pink gown, Miss Corson, Miss Burton, Miss Leila Macdonald, very handsome in pale blue satin; Miss Garrow was a dainty little maid in lace and sparkling crystals, Mrs. Duggan had her lovely daughter, Lois, a picture in mauve satin; Miss Lorna Murray was very pretty in pink striped chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis, the bride in her dainty wedding gown; Miss Mina Carruthers, Miss Anna Lake, both in dainty cream gowns; Mrs. Philip Strathy in white lace, Mr. Reginald Capreol, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. McArthur, Mr. John Kay, Miss Austin of Spadina, Mr. Billy Greening, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley, Mr. and Mrs. Draper Dobie, Miss Joyce Macdougall, very pretty in a dainty white dress; Miss Vivien Boulton in pale blue, Mr. and Miss Gouinlock, Mrs. F. Cowan in rose pink poplin, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Toller, the latter in sequinned black net; Miss Sankey in yellow, Miss Jessie McMurrich in a rich satin gown, Mr. Jack Somerville, Miss Jessie Johnstone, Miss Maud Boyd, Miss Gladys Perry, Mr. Harry McMillan, Messrs. Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Miss Patti Warren in white, Mr. Keith Macdougall, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. Sutherland, Miss Flora Macdonald in pink satin, Miss Evelyn Taylor, and Miss Marjory Cochrane, were some others at this jolly dance. Bugler Williams, of Paardeburg fame, sounded the call to the dance for the opening numbers, and soldiers in uniform were in various parts of the building on duty.

THE VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY

Wife of the young Unionist politician, Viscount Helmsley, M.P., for a Yorkshire constituency. Her ladyship was Lady Marjorie Greville before her marriage, and is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick.

Mrs. Harry Mickle received on Tuesday for the first time since her marriage at her new home, 8 Rosedale road. The bride wore a white lace gown over satin, with opalescent trimming, and assisting in the tea-room were several of the pretty girls in their second season.

Mrs. Lang has been quietly receiving for the last two or three Tuesdays at her residence in Surrey place.

The marriage of Miss Amie Beatrice Sinclair, first daughter of Mr. Angus Sinclair, of Roslyn, Rosedale, and Mr. Gilbert Sutherland Stairs, of Halifax, took place on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two, in St. George's church, Ven. Archdeacon Richardson, of London, who married the bride's parents, and Rev. Canon Cayley, officiating. The service was choral, the choir preceding the brides' procession to the altar and Mr. Phillips played. The church was decorated with boquets of white 'mums tied to white stanchions at intervals down the aisle, and the chancel was banked with palms and white flowers. The guests' pews were guarded by white ropes. Mr. Sinclair brought in the bride and gave her away. Mr. Talbot Papineau was best man and Mr. Bob Sinclair, Mr. Eric Stairs, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie and Mr. James Macdonell were the ushers. The bride, always a pretty and graceful girl wore a charming gown of soft white satin, very modishly designed, a splendid length of rose point lace trimming the bodice and falling on the left side of the skirt. The veil of sheerest tulle was embroidered in spots like huge snow-flakes and bordered with a light design, and fastened with a coronet of orange blossoms. The boquet was a shower of lily of the valley and white bebe ribbons and the jewels worn were diamonds and pearls. The four fascinating bridesmaids, Miss Aileen Sinclair, next sister of the bride, Miss Violet Pyke, a cousin, Miss Kathleen Gordon and Miss Muriel Jarvis, wore satin pannier frocks of soft rose shade, with girdles of gold embroideries and pearls. Their gold bracelets were gifts from the groom. Large-crowned black velvet plumed hats completed the becoming costumes and huge sheaves of crip Bridesmaid roses were their boquets. While the register was being signed, Mrs. Mackelcan sang a bridal hymn, and many agreed her voice never sounded as full of feeling and reverence as on that occasion. The bridal reception at Roslyn taxed the capacity of that delightful home, and a huge marquee on the lawn was used for the dejeuner. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair received in the drawing room, the hostess in pale pink satin with very smart pink hat and plumes, and carrying a huge boquet of lily of the valley. Ven. Archdeacon Richardson proposed the health of the bride and groom, and is a very old friend of the bride and her people. The best man at the marriage of the bride's parents, as well as their officiating minister, was at the wedding last Wednesday, Colonel Ray having come down specially from Port Arthur. The four sisters of Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Steel of Hamilton, Mrs. Oliver of St. George, Mrs. Coddy of Ottawa, and Mrs. Pyke of New York, were at the wedding, and Mrs. Walker of Chicago was represented by her very pretty young daughter. There were several of the groom's relatives present, and the out of town guests were from Hamilton, London, Galt, Chatham and other cities. The presents were simply magnificent, and were arranged in the big dining room, where table after table was loaded with gifts. Beautiful flowers were everywhere, and greetings of pleased surprise between old friends were heard on all sides. The Hamilton party included Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Miss Hobson, and several others. Mr. and Mrs. Stairs went to New York by the late afternoon train, the bride travelling in a suit of dark green, velvet toque and set of lynx furs. They intend returning here for a short stay before settling in their home in Halifax.

Miss H. Ethel Sheppard spent the Thanksgiving holiday week-end with Mrs. Robert F. Massie, New Lodge, Cobourg.

The engagement of Miss Amy Saunders and Dr. Henry Orton Howitt was announced last week.

Mrs. Haney's tea on Wednesday presented the last of her bonnie group of daughters to a society only too glad to welcome such attractive girls. Mrs. Haney and the debutante received in the drawing room, and everyone admired the latter in her dainty white gown. Tea was served in the dining room, where a perfect jam of young girls was the rule, and a small overflow party found a tea-table set in the morning room and enjoyed it in great comfort. The spacious rooms, cool green conservatory, and all the modernized delights of a roomy old home greeted the guests at this tea. The elder sisters of the debutante, with many other fair girls, were kept very busy waiting on the guests with every dainty that could tempt them to spoil their dinners. The flowers sent to Miss Mabel Haney were unusually beautiful, and her tea will be one of the bright memories of the year.

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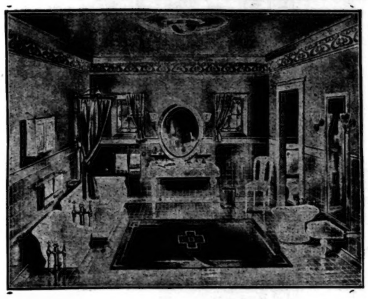

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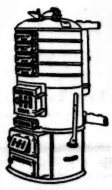

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SOCIETY

MRS. MELVIN-JONES gave a dinner at Llawhaden, on Tuesday night. Miss Edith Kay has returned from England.

Friday, 22nd, was a day full of luncheons and teas, at least five or six of each being on the cards that day. The farewell to Lady Hanbury Williams was the earliest of the teas, and was given at the new Galleries in Jarvis street. People were asked for four o'clock, and very soon after Lady and Miss Hanbury Williams arrived. It was an informal and very sincere expression of the regret all who know her feel at the departure of so clever, amiable and attractive a patron of Art as Lady Hanbury Williams has ever been.

From the new Galleries many hurried to Miss Temple's delightful tea in Spadina road. What makes some of these five o'clockers so pleasant that one hates to leave them? Whatever it be, the air was full of it, in Miss Temple's cosy home and one heard this remark, "Wasn't that a nice tea?" from people not once, but a dozen times. Miss Temple was handsomely gowned in eminence satin, and gave each guest a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Gibson received at the Government House on Thursday.

Mrs. Mackelcan went to visit Mrs. Hendrie, at Holmstead, for a few days, last Wednesday.

Mrs. Wyld gave a large and very nice tea at Dunedin on Friday. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald assisted her mother, and a bevy of pretty girls helped in the tea-room, where the table was beautifully done with pink roses. Everyone seemed to be there.

Mrs. R. A. Smith will receive next Friday and every Friday in November.

Hon. Allen and Mrs. Aylesworth were in town for a few days last week, stopping at the King Edward.

The marriage of Mr. G. R. Sweeny, of Toronto, and Miss Bessie Keefer, of Ottawa, will take place on November 20.

Mrs. Arnoldi received on Tuesday and Wednesday for the last time this season in her home in North street, and her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Warren, held her postnuptial receptions at the same time.

Mrs. W. S. Lee had a girl's luncheon on Wednesday for some of Miss Violet Lee's friends. Miss Lee is one of this year's debutantes.

Mrs. R. R. Cromarty is giving a tea for her daughter's debut next Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, at her new home, 14 Spadina road.

Mrs. Inglis is giving a tea this afternoon at her home, 158 St. George street, in honor of her English visitor.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Meyers are away for a fortnight's hunting. Mr. Hees and Mr. Ralph Hees have gone to New York for a short visit. Miss Elizabeth Long has gone to Naples. Mrs. A. S. Irving and Mrs. Rupert Bruce sailed last week for Southern Europe. Colonel Victor Williams has taken rooms in Huron street. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass will come to Toronto shortly for the marriage of their daughter, and are looking for a large furnished house where they may entertain during December.

The marriage of Mrs. Ethel Stovel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman E. Townsend, to Mr. Geo. Leopold Livingston, took place very quietly on Thursday, October 21.

MUSIC

The first of a series of reception-musicales was held at the Dominion Chambers Music Studios, 449 Spadina avenue, last Saturday night, and it proved to be a novel and interesting departure from the stereotyped form of recital. Frank Converse Smith, W. Preston MacHenry, Ernest J. Seitz, and George Frederick Liddle were heard in a short programme of solo and ensemble violin, vocal and piano numbers. After the programme these gentlemen officiated as hosts and light refreshments were served. The next reception-musicale will occur in November, and already many requests have come for cards to the subsequent recitals of the series.

* * *

Dr. Anger's choir concert at Central Methodist Church on Thursday evening next will be an event of marked interest. A programme including Dr. Anger's cantata, "A Song of Thanksgiving," and Nevin's novel work, "Captive Memories," written for baritone solo, quartet, and a reader, will attract much attention. The assistance of the following artists should insure a strong programme: Miss Winnifred Parker, elocutionist; Miss Enid Newcombe, 'cellist; Mrs. Dilworth, soprano; Mrs. Merry, contralto; Mr. Bemrose, tenor; Mr. Edmonstone, bass.

* * *

The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir appears in Massey Hall on Saturday, Nov. 6th. An event of such unusual nature will doubtless attract a large assemblage of music lovers.

* * *

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well-known pianist, gave a highly successful recital in Brockville on Thanksgiving Night. Miss Gladys Marshall, soprano, pupil of Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, was the assisting artist.

* * *

The Victoria Presbyterian Church Choir under the direction of Donald C. MacGregor was heard in an attractive programme on Thursday evening of last week. The choir will repeat the concert in St. John's Presbyterian church on Nov. 16.

* * *

Marley R. Sherris, baritone, commenced his season's work at St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, on Thanksgiving Night. He is also engaged for the baritone solos in Gaul's "Holy City," which is being rendered by the choir of Centennial Methodist Church.

Mr. Sherris leaves this week with his concert company, which includes Emma T. Irons, elocutionist; Maud Buschlen, violinist, and Perle Chelew, pianist, for a four months' tour of Western Canada. ARPEGGIO.

Mayor Oliver will open the annual exhibition of the Ontario Horticultural Society at Massey Hall, on November 9. Lady Pellatt is to choose the committee to judge decorated tables. Competition in all departments will be keener than ever.

The commanding position of the Grand Trunk Railway System in connection with the transportation service of the Province of Ontario is well illustrated by the fact that in this premier province of Canada there are 14 incorporated cities, every one of which is located on the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway. There are 100 incorporated towns, 25 of which are exclusively on the Grand Trunk Railway, and 43 others are reached by the tracks of the Grand Trunk. The incorporated villages number 66, of which 35 are exclusively on the Grand Trunk, and 13 additional reached by the tracks of the Grand Trunk.

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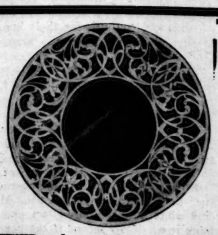

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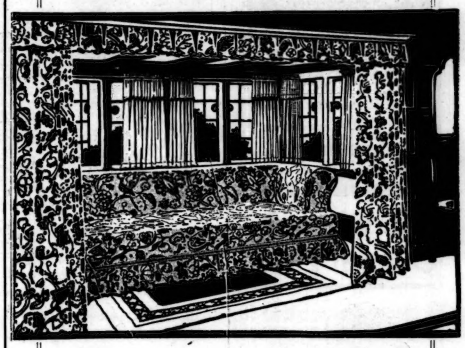

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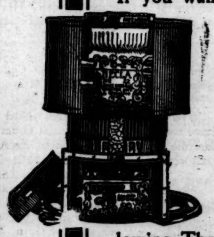

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE pretty new home of Mrs. Machray, 1 Bedford road, was the rendezvous of a bright party of young folks, both men and maids, in honor of the second daughter of the hostess, Miss Elaine Machray, who is among the debutantes in Toronto this month. The bright-eyed and dainty little maiden looked very well in a pale pink dress, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. Mrs. Machray, always as *chic* as a bit of Dresden china, was in white, and was the happiest of hostesses to her daughter's young friends, who numbered most of the smart set. A much welcomed guest, who, dropping in about six o'clock, was Mr. Perceval Ridout, who has always been a particularly kind friend of the little Misses Machray since their very young days. He is looking as *debonair* and has as many pretty compliments as ever for his friends.

The President of the Women's Musical Club will give a reception at St. Margaret's College this afternoon, when Mr. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., will give an address. There will also be a musical programme. The reception is from four to half-past six o'clock.

The annual meeting of the Girls' Home took place yesterday at the Home at half-past three o'clock.

A very huge tea marked the debut of Miss Marguerite Robins on Thursday of last week, when it seemed as if "all Rosedale" had turned out to greet the debutante. Such a vast number of smart gowns and hats, and such a handsome lot of young matrons made the big home (which is the old Hamilton residence in Glen road, rejuvenated and made beautiful regardless of expense) a perfect beauty show. Every honor was paid to the fine looking debutante, friends had simply loaded her with flowers, and the house was filled with roses, lilies, orchids, and every rare and beautiful bloom. Despite these "trophies," as a mere man calls them, Miss Marguerite carried only a huge sheaf of her own name flowers. She wore a white satin gown with the new overdress of white chiffon, embroidered above the hem and on the softly folded bodice with very lovely wreaths of daisies. There was soft music from D'Alesandro's orchestra. The buffet was set in the dining room, which has been much enlarged by a handsome southern bay window, very artistically designed. A number of her sister-buds waited upon the guests who came to wish Miss Robins a happy year, and the tea was a veritable crush. About six o'clock the rain came down in torrents, and there was a lively time getting the useful taxis up by the half dozen, while private motors and carriage brimmed over with hastily packed in guests, who were delivered home safe and dry by their generous and kindly friends. Far from spoiling the finale of this brilliant event, the caprice of Jupiter Pluvius added to the fun, and laughter instead of frowns greeted the downpour. Mrs. Robins was handsomely gowned, and evidently was very proud to introduce so attractive a debutante to her friends. The young people had a jolly dance in the evening.

THE NEW COUNTESS ANNESLEY.
Formerly Mrs. Evelyn Hester Harrison, who recently married the Earl of Annesley.

On Thursday evening, at half-past eight, the formal opening of the fine new Library on the corner of College and St. George streets took place, and a portrait of the late librarian, Mr. James Bain, LL.D., was unveiled.

Mr. Ricarde-Seaver, who was such a favorite in yachting and social circles here some years ago, is coming out from London on a visit very soon, I am informed. Since the death of his father, General Ricarde-Seaver, he has resided in London, and done some good things in the world of finance, and many an old friend from Toronto has enjoyed the hospitality of his charming home.

Miss Grace McTavish has come up from Colborne on a visit to Mrs. Bruce Riordan. Her sister, Mrs. Rogers, of Winnipeg, who has been for some weeks in this part of Ontario, has, I believe, returned home.

Next Monday evening the College of Music pupils give their annual concert in Massey Music Hall.

The graduating exercises of the class of nurses who have completed their course at Grace Hospital, took place last night in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms at half-past eight.

"The Maples," the charming home of Mr. John Russell, Wellesley crescent, was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings that has taken place in Toronto for some time, when his daughter, Alexandra Boyd, became the bride of T. Allen Edwin McPherson, son of the late James McPherson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. C. Cayley, rector of St. Simon's, in the large music room, which was artistically decorated with palms, orchids and pink and white 'mums. The bride, handsomely gowned in a white satin princess robe with overdress of embroidered chiffon and trimmings of rose point lace and pearls was brought in by her father, and carried a shower boquet of white roses and lily of the valley. She was preceded by her two nieces, Margaret Aikens and Edith Russell, in dainty frocks of white net, and baby Irish lace and satin ribbon, white beaver hats and carrying large baskets of pink carnations. Then followed the bride's sister, one of this season's debutantes, charmingly gowned in pale pink embroidered chiffon over satin with large picture hat of pink velvet with plumes, and carried bridesmaid's roses. Mr. Burnside Robinson, cousin of the groom was best man. The house was beautifully decorated and Mr. Russell was assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Russell in a cream broadcloth handsomely braided, and gold trimmings, large picture hat of black velvet, and carrying American beauty roses, and Miss Anna in white lace over satin with ball trimming and a Romney hat with white plumes. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond and pearl pendant and to the bridesmaids a pearl pin. The little flower girls receiving rings of California Matrix, and the best man gold cuff links. The happy couple left for the south on the 5.20 train, the bride travelling in Amethyst cloth suit with hat to match and mink furs.

Mr. and Mrs. Verschoyle Cronyn have come from Vancouver to Toronto to reside. They have taken up house in Rosedale. Mrs. Cronyn arrived from London, where she had been visiting her relatives, last Tuesday.

Miss Mary McKeough, of Chatham, came down on Tuesday to attend the Stairs-Sinclair wedding on Wednesday. She is the guest of Mrs. Salter Jarvis, 246 St. George street.

Miss S. Strickland Tulley has returned to town and is at present the guest of Miss Merritt, 40 St. George street.

On Saturday afternoon the Misses Morgan gave a very large tea in honor of Madame Blanche Marchesi, who has been spending a few days in town, accompanied by her husband, Baron Cacamisi, who was also a guest at the tea. The Baroness talks English very fluently, but the Baron is limited to his native tongue, so there was some looking up of linguists to ameliorate his lonely state, and some pretty girls and bright women found reason to congratulate themselves on being able to entertain so polite and interesting a Frenchman. Madame la Baronne received with her hostess-in-chief, Miss Hope Morgan, who is an old pupil and friend of the famous Marchesi in Paris. The Misses Morgan assisted in the drawing room and tea room, where a number of pretty girls were helping, among them Miss Beatrice Delamere of Deer Park, who speaks French very prettily; Miss Elsie Keefer, the Misses Rolph, Miss Marjory Cochrane, and several others. Lady Hanbury Williams and Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams looked in for an hour, and Mr. Perceval Ridout, Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Lambe and Miss Beverly Lambe, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. Stuart Grier, Miss Grace Cawthra, whom everyone is welcoming home; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge, and heaps of others came and went during the reception. Madame la Baronne wore a smart black gown, a black picture hat which became her admirably, and her flashing dark eyes and expressive face were well worth looking at as she voiced her thoughts upon some burning subject.

Mrs. Herbert Cowan, of Parkdale, gave a pleasant tea on one afternoon last week.

Mrs. W. Ardagh Cundle, of Great Falls, Montana, and Miss E. McCarthy, of Barrie, were two of the out-of-town guests at the Russell-McPherson wedding last week.

The marriage of Miss Lillie M. Ellis, daughter of the late J. E. Ellis, to Dr. William Tassie Wilson, of Cobourg, took place at eight o'clock Thursday, October 14, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Herbert R. Walker, the Rev. Mr. Sparks officiating. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Norman Ellis, of Hamilton, was looking very sweet and graceful in soft white satin with handsome princess lace and pearl embroidery, the long tulle veil was arranged over a wreath of orange blossoms, a spray of the same flowers holding the veil in place on the long train. She carried a shower of roses and lillies, and wore the gift of the groom, a pedant necklace of pearls and peridot. Miss Maude Proctor and Miss Hilda Walker were the bridesmaids in Japanese gold charmeuse and pale blue Charmeues respectively, they wore large black velvet picture hats and carried russet 'mums and wore the groom's gifts, pearl pendants. Mr. Stuart Polson, of Hamilton, was best man. Mrs. Walker was most becomingly gowned in Wisteria velours and received at the entrance of the drawing room which was decorated with palms and white 'mums. Later, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson left, amidst a shower of good wishes and confetti, for their home in Cobourg, before taking their honeymoon trip across the line.

The engagement of Miss Rose Evelyn Howe, of Lakeview avenue, West Toronto, and Mr. John J. Cleary, of Dunnville, is announced. They are to be married the latter part of November.

Among the many attractive brides who were receiving in Rosedale last week, perhaps the queen of them all was Mrs. Britton Osler, who is one of the Gwyn family of Dundas, and possesses all the charms of person and manner for which they are known. Mrs. Osler received in her white satin wedding gown, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Only second to the bonnie bride in attraction was the bevy of charming girls who, headed by a sister of the bride, waited gracefully upon the visitors during both afternoon receptions.

Mrs. B. Elmore Hawke is giving a tea this afternoon in honor of the recently married couple, Dr. and Mrs. Trow, at her residence, 21 Wellesley street, from 4.30 to 6.

The beautiful new "Gerhard Heintzman" building, 41-43 Queen St. West, opposite City Hall, which will be occupied by this firm on Nov. 1st, for the display of their widely known pianos.

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OPEN EVENINGS TILL 11 O'CLOCK

THE LADY ON THE FAN

By MARGUERITE STABLER

SHE might have stepped down from a fan on the wall, from out her native moon-glow and the misty heights of Fuji-san. She might, but she had not. Instead she had spent weeks plowing through Pacific waters until she reached San Francisco. And in coming O Haru San had learned many things.

"Yes," she had explained to the American matron who wondered at her traveling alone, "yes, I am quite alone with only Yoshida, but I am half American, you see, and the American half has no fear of adventure."

The Japanese half, however, the passengers noticed betrayed a tendency to keep close to her overshadowing fan by preserving the prejudices and customs of her Oriental training.

It was only by pledging his faith that they would never go beyond earshot of the ubiquitous Yoshida that Travers induced her far enough from the atmosphere of her Fuji-san to promenade the deck with him, and a few days later it was only because her foot was asleep that he was permitted to penetrate her moon-glow to the extent of assisting her to the stairs.

But after her first week out O Haru San had learned many things. Her American half, she found, did more real living in the few hours a day she walked the decks laughing and chatting with men and women alike than her Japanese half had lived all her life in stupid Tokio. Whereupon the one object of her life became to get as far as possible from her Fan.

"Yes," she explained again to the curious American matron who had watched her old Fuji fade into the mists and her moon-glow become eclipsed by the sunset, "yes, it was my mama-san who was Japanese; my father, like me, is American, only all."

Travers, a few hours later, taking his cue from this declaration of her Americanism, ventured: "You can never be really American until you try one of these; all American girls do."

The decks were almost deserted now, and O Haru San, with a courage that equalled her ambition, accepted the "Egyptian" as an adjunct to every well-appointed American girl.

"It is that the American girl does at all times to please herself, no?" she questioned her "coach."

"Pre-eminently and always," Travers answered with enthusiasm. O Haru San felt there must be something behind his admission she did not fathom. "But you must not let your light go out," he admonished his promising pupil. "Here—this way—see? Now puff like this—so!" O Haru San's lips were very red and her eyes at close range brighter than he had supposed, and in the fact that he was nothing more than a mere man Travers found ample excuse for his rashness. "Oh, well forgive me, for goodness sake don't cry!"

But O Haru San was not crying. "Is it that you kiss all American girls in that way?" she questioned.

Here Travers set himself the difficult task of explaining something of the law of natural selection. He did not want to kiss every one.

"Would you have kiss them if you had want to?" she persisted, eyeing him fixedly, "and would they have like it *too?*"

"May I come to see you in San Francisco?" Travers asked irrelevantly, changing the subject.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes," O Haru San gurgled with delight when, a few weeks later, Travers met his traveling companion in her father's home. "It is all as good and better as I expected," without a trace of homesickness for the little mama-san left in Tokio. "This is my father in America and God is my father in Heaven." Glibly and simply O Haru San discanted on the advantages of the American institutions until——

"By Jove, you are arriving, my little girl," he commented to himself, but audibly set himself to explain why he had not called sooner.

"But I knew you would come, because you said you would," the girl answered.

Here Travers had to recant. "Poor little thing!" he again said to himself, "you are not so far away from your Fan after all."

"Did you want me to come?" he asked. Then to shut off her answer, remembering the scene on the deck, "Would you like to go to the theatre?" he asked.

"Yes, I would love to go," she answered, promptly forgetting his first question.

"And do you think we might wander so far from the shades of your Fuji as to go without your—er—nurse?" he questioned.

Again "Yes," she answered in delighted tones. "I am very American now. I have already walked out without Yoshida."

But when faced up with the fact that he was about to appear in a San Francisco theatre with a Lady on a Fan in tow, he began to wish he might take only the American half and leave the Japanese half out.

The same misgivings, however, were tearing the soul of O Haru San. Consequently all the next day was spent in vigorous efforts to obliterate her Fan. A little more rice powder, a little less rouge, a strenuous fluffing of pasted locks, a bit of lacing, a touch of padding, plumes, frills, and furbelows, and presto! the misty height of Fuji-san with its soft moon-glow was gone.

"Miss Columbia!" Travers exclaimed as a vision of the moonrise merged into the sunset flashed upon him. And O Haru San, resisting an impulse to salaam, took her reward from his eyes.

"Yes, I know American girls do it; I have seen it on the stage," O Haru San agreed, when, the heroine safely deposited in the hero's arms, Travers proposed a little supper *a deux*.

"Why, certainly," Travers answered; "they all do it if they want to do it."

As she listened to the music, the laughter, the gay voices, O Haru San's eyes widened in sudden consternation when she caught interested glances wandering in her direction. "Do you suppose they suspect I am half Japanese?" she leaned toward Travers to ask.

"No, on my soul," answered Travers honestly; "you might be several things in part, but you are getting"—he watched with narrow interest the effect of his words—"to be more American than anything else."

Whereupon the Fan closed with a bang.

"Yes? Are you sure, quite sure?" O Haru San questioned again as the waiter stood to take their order.

"You see all these American women drinking something, don't you?" Travers asked, indicating several nearby tables.

The nearby tables spoke for themselves. There were beautiful creatures with wonderful sun-dried hair and superabundant roses in their cheeks drinking wine of many hues.

O Haru San's rudimentary course in American-girlism seemed quite finished, owing to the excellence of her coach, and she was up to meet eagerly whatever came next. Her Fan, she resolved, should stay closed.

That the tables became unsteady and the sun-dried heads began to revolve might have been an illusion or might have been a fact. O Haru San felt her own cheeks flushing hotly and her spirits rising with the general tide.

O Haru San's lips were redder and her eyes less placid, but brighter, than on that steamer night, when Travers, guiding her steps carefully, although this time her foot was not asleep, said "Good-night." This time he knew she would not cry.

Travers looked thoughtfully at the door that had closed upon the shattered Fan. But "I am no more than a man, after all," he assured himself.

Still carefully and a bit unsteadily O Haru San stole up to her room, flinging plumes, frills, and furbelows in a tired little heap across the bed, while the chaste, snow-capped heights of her own Fuji receded farther and fainter into the background.

Looking into the rosy, wholesome faces of the American girls she met every day, she wondered *How* can you do it? She would have liked to ask *Why* do you do it? But the Japanese half drew her back when she was near the point. Meantime her education in the Western way progressed with a rapidity that sometimes made her coach catch his breath. She had flung herself, heart and soul, into the feat of obliterating her Fan, and chance, he quieted his calms by remembering, had thrown him in her way as a means to that end.

The subtle, passionate stirrings of the reckless, overgrown, forty-nine town offered her the red wine of life, and the rich Oriency of her nature sprang to meet it with an American dash.

"You live in every city in the world when you live in San Francisco," Travers explained one evening when expatiating upon the joys of life in a town where the heart of things is on the outside. They were in Mexico tonight, where a few blocks from the centre of things had precipitated them into odors of *chile con carne*, sounds of rattling castanets and shuffling *chine'as*. And O Haru San, with her pearl-tinted, foreign cast of countenance, dropped into whatever background Travers selected until he swore she was in her own setting.

Never questioning Travers's fitness as coach, they strayed through "little Italy," *le quartier Francais*, or followed the yellow flag through all its hideous beauty, night after night.

But it was the long, long look in Travers's eyes that turned the knife in O Haru San's soul. "It is because I am still so Japanese," she was forced to confess, until the obliteration of her Fan became the passion of her life.

To this end, with her little French heels on the table, O Haru San puffed the smoke of her cigarette into the faces of the men—Travers's friends—esteeming it their highest praise when they told her she out-Americaned any American girl they knew.

In an incredibly short time O Haru San's avidity in acquiring American ways had outrun her coach's calculations. And now she would have been glad to arrest the progress of events in order to work out her more complex problems, but her education went on with a still greater rapidity. She had sounded the whole reach of the American girl's possibilities of emancipation from stupid conventionality, but that seemed to be, after all, only the starting point.

And now, for some reason beyond her fathoming, Travers did not come so often to see her, and when he did come it was only the shell of him that was there. Her inexorable *Why* was beyond her depth. She had his own assurance that she had obliterated her Fan and dissipated the mists of Fuji that had wrapped her so closely in their care at first. Then why, oh, *why?*

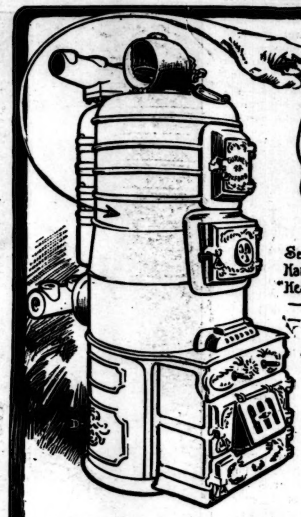
It was now that O Haru San did cry. O Haru San was nothing more than a woman herself, although she did not put her limitations into just those terms. America was still America, the great Western Mecca of her ambition; San Francisco was still gay, light-hearted, life-intoxicated San Francisco; the streets still seething with cosmopolitan throngs, the theatres still festive; the glittering French cafes still bubbled with reckless spirits and still O Haru San visited them with other friends. But the next chance that brought her face to face with Travers revealed him in the wake of a clear-eyed girl whose education in the Western way had never been undertaken.

The black eyes that had been serene and untroubled as the starlit seas a year ago had lost their placidity as O Haru San's education progressed. There was no arresting it, once thoroughly launched on her Western tide. She had learned her *How* in all its phases and she was now learning her *Why*.

"It is because this climate does not agree with me," she began to explain to her anxious friends who noted the change the passing weeks had brought.

But it was in her own little room that she wailed into her tear-soaked pillows, "It is that I think I shall die." But O Haru San was young and strong, for the little mama-san in Tokio had brought her up after wise precepts, and she did not die. Day after day dragged itself out of the way and evening followed evening, and the plumes and frills and furbelows of O Haru San frequented their gay centres as usual, but there seemed

(*Concluded on page* 19.)



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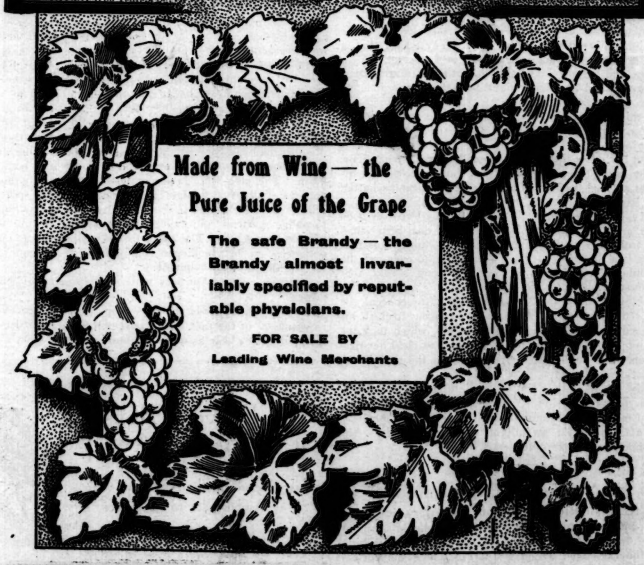

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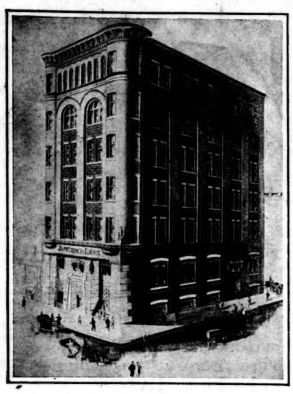

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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!?. Points About People .?!

How R. J. Fleming Gained a Friend.

THE other morning R. J. Fleming, Manager of the Toronto Railway Company, was rolling down Avenue Road on his way to business when he observed a solitary woman walking in the same direction, and looking as if she might appreciate a lift on the road. At least that is what the manager thought, so he got the chauffeur to slow up, and hailing the woman he put on his most genial smile and asked her if he might carry her some distance on her way.

Nothing loath, the woman entered the car. She sat alone on the seat at the rear capable of holding three, and enjoyed herself immensely.

"Let her out a little," whispered R. J. to the chauffeur, and the latter opened up, and shot the car down the incline at a speed that would have made a policeman hasten after, had there been one in the vicinity.

"My, but that's grand; it's the first time I've ever been in one, and I am enjoying it. It's a good deal better than those trolley cars. I tell you the way Fleming runs that system is a disgrace. I don't know how he ever got the job, but I don't believe he'll hold it long. Take that Arthur street business, for instance—"

"Let her out again," whispered R. J. to conceal the blushes that the woman's praise was causing to flush his countenance. So they had another spurt, which took the woman's breath away, and soon she had reached her destination. She finally took a good look at the man in the front seat, and said:

"Say, I believe that you are R. J. Fleming. You look like the pictures of him. You are, eh? Well, I've heard a good many hard things about you, but I won't believe them after this. I'm awfully obliged for that ride." And they shook hands like old friends.

A Wonderful Funeral.

FATHER GORIO, an Italian missionary in China, contributes to The Review of Catholic Missions an article describing the funeral of the Emperor of China. The funeral lasted five days, during which the cortege covered a distance of forty-three miles from Pekin to Si-Ling.

The body was enclosed in ten caskets of precious wood and carried by 120 men. It was surrounded by all the high dignitaries of the empire and followed by 5,000 soldiers in red robes, who carried banners, standards, fans and other emblems. Then followed a long line of camels and white horses covered with yellow cloths, the imperial color, and finally a multitude of officials.

The cortege proceeded in silence. The priests recited prayers in a whisper and scattered with both hands disks of white silk paper, a symbol of the money used by the deceased in heaven, which gave the impression of falling snow. Two palanquins loaded with caskets of gold containing the Emperor's clothes and jewels, which were to be burned on the grave, closed the procession, which, Father Gorio says, was witnessed by 500,000 persons.

Fielding's Great Scoop.

DOWN in Nova Scotia city editors still tell their cubs about the great "scoop" engineered by the Hon. W. S. Fielding when he was a reporter on The Halifax Chronicle.

Under the stress of a storm a big Atlantic liner went ashore with all her passengers some miles east of Halifax. It was the wreck of the season. All were saved the passengers having been sent ashore by pulleys and baskets, and cared for by the inhabitants of the coast.

A sailor walked into the city through a blinding snowstorm to tell the news.

Strolling down the water front in search of news, Fielding met the man, who was half dazed by fatigue. As soon as he heard the great story the reporter hurried the fainting man up to The Chronicle office. He took him into an inner chamber and locked the door. Then a steaming hot meal was brought in stealthily from a near-by hotel. The sailor man was soothed in body and mind. He unfolded the thriller which Fielding took down in shorthand and polished afterward. The big presses began to reel off the smoking papers. The sailor was put to bed in the office to prevent leaks. In the morning the front page of the Chronicle was livid with news. The faces of the rival editors were livid too; they had been "scooped" clean.

Personal Facts About Coleridge Taylor.

MANY of those who were present at the concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on Monday night were interested in the four walzes by Coleridge Taylor which were played, and by the information on the programme that, although a native of Croydon, England, Taylor is a mulatto. By all accounts he is a very dark mulatto.

When he commenced his musical career he had for a fellow student a newspaperman now well known in Canada, Mr. E. Norman Smith, the managing director of The Ottawa Free Press, who was formerly well known in Toronto and Woodstock. At one time in his career Mr. Smith, who is also a native of Croydon, England, intended to take up the profession of music and studied the violin in the same class as Coleridge Taylor. It is said that this composer, whose genius in orchestration is now being widely acknowledged, commenced his studies on a ten shilling fiddle. However, he was exempt from one drawback which would have injured his career on this continent. In his boyhood there was no color prejudice, and when he used to chum with young Smith and the other boys of Croydon in Beckwith's music classes, they never thought of his color as a mark of inferiority, although they used to have some fun with his wool, and one impish lad once went so far as to touch a lighted cigarette to it.

When Taylor came to America a few years ago to conduct his choral works, which are numerous and excellent, he found that his services were in request only by colored singing organizations, and soon returned home. He has stuck to the old town of Croydon, and there conducts a white orchestra, which is said to be one of the best volunteer organizations in England.

Judge Armour's Reproof.

THE late Chief Justice Armour was accustomed to utter so many grim comments from the bench that remarks of his have become proverbial with members of the legal profession. No one could spot a perjurer better than he, and, though it is *infra dig* for the bench to accuse a witness of breaking his oath unless the fact is obvious to every one in court, he frequently indicated how he regarded certain testimony by brief asides.

Some years ago, a gang of sports in an eastern town fell upon a hotelkeeper who was a very quiet and respectable man, and abused him so badly that he contracted a serious disease and became an invalid for life. The chief culprit was arrested and brought for trial on a charge of aggravated assault. When the case came up at the assizes Chief Justice Armour was presiding, and a clear case was apparently made out until the defence was called. Then witness after witness took the stand and swore that they had seen the fight and that the prisoner had hardly been a participant at all. In fact, he was so loath to be near a fracas of any kind that he in his eagerness to get away had accidentally shoved against the victim and might have upset him. The witnesses opined that the prisoner had always had the highest esteem for the injured man and would never think of doing him bodily harm. The men who gave this testimony did it glibly, and were all of a similar type; that is to say, sporty fellows who looked as if they would swear to anything to oblige a friend, and expect similar service in time of trouble themselves. The Chief listened with obvious impatience. At last, looking cynically down at the counsel tor the defence, he enquired:

"Mr. ——, have you any more of these sort of witnesses?"

"Why, yes, my lord; their testimony is most important as witnesses of the fact. The court will, I am sure, deem it important to hear as many of those who saw what actually took place as possible in view of the charge against my client."

The Chief Justice shook his head. "Oh, my dear sir, don't try to persuade me that you were born yesterday. You're no chicken, you know."

The counsel reddened and closed his case. Thereafter anyone who wanted to make him angry used to repeat the phrase to him, "You're no chicken."

The late Mrs. Goldwin Smith, from a bust cast when she was a young woman.

How Arliss Acquired His Light Touch.

IT would surprise many of those who have seen the actor, George Arliss, in recent years and have been delighted with that delicacy of touch which is his most salient characteristic, to learn that at the outset of his career he was inclined to be hard and heavy. At least his friends say so. A local friend states that he used to be inclined to put his teeth into a part, as the actors say, and tell an interesting tale of how he came to change his tactics.

His first big chance came when he was engaged to succeed Sir John Hare as the Duke of St. Olphert's in Pinero's play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," a part for which he was engaged because of his personal appearance and distinction of manner. He found that he was not making good in the part, or at least that it did not stand out as it should, and he did not know exactly what to do. One night he had a dream in which he thought he saw the Duke with a big, thick walking stick grasped aggressively in the middle, and then in a change of the illusion he saw the Duke walking daintily along with a light cane balanced gracefully on two fingers. The dream gave him an idea. He played the Duke according to the atmosphere of the second picture with an airy, graceful touch, and his success was instantaneous. Ever since he has adopted that method in all roles which would stand such treatment, and has established a vogue all his own on the English-speaking stage.

A Winnipeg Man in Egypt.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW, once a member of the staff of Saturday Night, and now an editorial writer on The Winnipeg Telegram, is a journalist who possesses a copious store of anecdotes and reminiscences. He has had a varied and adventurous career—and a long one, too, for Mr. Shaw is not as young as he looks. He can tell stories of east and west and south, and he never tires of relating incidents of the expedition up the Nile to relieve General Gordon. Mr. Shaw went with the contingent of Canadian river-men sent to pilot the expedition. Navigating the Nile is a delicate operation, but the Canadians were used to running all kinds of twisty streams, and they performed their work to the Queen's taste, as the old saying was. As William Wye Smith puts it in his excellent poem, "The Canadians on the Nile," they felt that

"O, the East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter,
And the pine becomes the palm by the dark Egyptian waters,
And the Nile's like many a stream we know that fills its brimming cup;
We'll think it is the Ottawa as we track the batteaux up."

Here is an episode of that dramatic page in British history, as recalled by Mr. Shaw:

It was within two months of twenty-one years ago, but Capt. William Robinson, "Captain Bill," as we of the olden time in Winnipeg knew him, will forgive the yarn.

It is not a yarn, merely an incident of the Gordon Relief Expedition up the Nile in 1884-85, hardly worth recalling, if it were not to show how an unobtrusive Winnipegger became a man of note for a brief quarter of an hour along the historic banks of the river that from the days of Moses, Anthony and Cleopatra has provided more stories than any other water-course in the world.

It was in the latter end of October or the early part of November—it was a calendarless time for us voyageurs of the Gordon Relief Expedition, and one cannot be sure within a week or two—and the advance boats of the expedition were fighting their way wearily through the worst rapids of the turbulent Nile above Wady Halfa, then the border city of Egypt on the river before entering the weary waste of deserts of the Soudan.

It was trying, heart-breaking work on the river from daylight until dark, and the first symptoms of homesickness were taking possession of those of us who had hitherto only known the exigencies of life in a sheltered home in far-off Canada.

The postal service of the expedition had not yet been regulated, and the vagrant Canadian voyageurs, continually passing up and down the river, were practically cut off from communication with their friends in Canada.

One evening just before the quick sundown of the Soudan—there is no gloaming or twilight in the mystical Orient—the boats of the expedition were drawn up at intervals that the rapid strewn river would permit. There was the intense quiet of the coming Egyptian night undisturbed by the exhausted men of the expedition of toil and the only sound was that of the storied river that a few days before had swept by the walls of Khartoum, where the Great Christian Knight of the nineteenth century was battling, a prisoner, against the myriad hordes of Arab Africa. The silence was suddenly broken by the sound of a steamboat's whistle, and soon we could hear above the subdued roar of the river the beating of the screw of a small steam launch.

A number of Canadians had collected from the various boats—with the clannishness of our kind—and we stood and watched with curious and professional interest the masterly manner in which the approaching boat took advantage of every eddy and back-water of the swiftly flowing river.

"The man that's at that wheel," said Jim McBurney, a veteran Minnesota man, eyeing the workmanlike manner the launch was handled, "knows his business.."

He did. Years at the helm of many a steamboat on the Red River of the north had taught that steersman much.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Col. Kennedy, strolling up to the group of Manitoba voyageurs, nearly all of whom he had known in civil life on the border of the Red River.

"Some big gun, I would think, sir," said Larry Clark, now the clerk of the High Court at Calgary.

"Big gun or not," said Jack Doyle, the best steersman that ever put hand to tiller on the Nile. "The man that's pushing that wheel knows fast water when he sees it."

"I should say he does. I should say he does," half screamed Charlie Blanchard in his excitement. "By heavens, colonel! It's Captain Bill Robinson of Winnipeg!"

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" said the usual self-possessed colonel, in a voice trembling with excitement, for Colonel Kennedy's heart was never very far away from the Red River. "My field glass. I thank you. Yes, yes. It is."

"Give him a cheer, boys," said Bill Galliher.

We did. From camp to camp and boat to boat the cheer was taken up by soldiers joining in with the Britisher's love of a rousing cheer, until men, miles up the river took up the cheer and the garrison at forty miles away stood on their arms expecting the arrival of either Lord Wolseley or General Buller.

"Say, Canadian," asked a Cockney soldier as the cheering died away. "Who was that big bug that just passed up?"

"Who!" exclaimed the Canadian. "You don't know who that is. Why, that's Captain Bill Robinson of Winnipeg, Manitoba. He can steer a stern wheeler up the side of a mountain in the dew."

The Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon

Just Opened by the American Ambassador to St. James's

THE first public function undertaken by United States Ambassador Reid on his recent return to England was the opening of the Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon. The date chosen was co-incident with the installation of Dr. Lowell as the new president of Harvard University. The Harvard House was originally the maiden home of Katherine Rogers, the mother of John Harvard of Southwark; here she married Robert Harvard, the founder of the university. It is interesting to recall that Katherine Rogers was a neighbor and probably a friend of Shakespeare. Mr. Edward Morris, of Chicago, has presented the Harvard House to America, and it will be used as a kind of clubhouse for members of that nationality who may call at Stratford. This was the suggestion of Miss Marie Corelli.

The Club Where Silence Reigns.

PROBABLY no city in the world has such a long and varied list of clubs as London. We know the club that is exclusive because it is aristocratic, and the club that excludes everybody who is not an Anarchist, the club that possesses a palace, and the club that meets in the upper story of an unambitious inn, the "cock-and-hen" club and the "goose club," but I fancy (says a writer in The London Mail) few of my readers could name the club where nobobdy ever speaks. There is only one of the kind even in London, and it is known as the National Deaf Club. There are thirty-five town members and twenty-eight country members, and they are all stone deaf. Yet when they held their annual meeting at their rooms in Store street, Tottenham Court road, a few days ago, there was a great deal of conversation, and the speeches—though naturally they fell upon deaf ears—were attentively followed and much appreciated. The speakers not only used the manual alphabet, but also their lips, for many of the deaf are now skilled in reading lip-movements. The stiffest stickler for silent service could not have complained of the attendance, for the waiter and waitress of the club are dumb as well as deaf. The room in which the meeting was held is decorated with pictures painted and presented by members. After the more formal proceedings the club held a reception and entertainment in the Portman Rooms. It is promoting a movement of international hospitality among those who never hear the unkind things that are said of them, and will shortly receive a visit from deaf guests from abroad!

The Battle of the Humber on Thanksgiving Day

Detachment of Queen's Own Rifles, firing and advancing as skirmishers at the Old Mill on the Humber.

TORONTO was invaded by a valiant force of soldiers on Thanksgiving Day. Stay-at-homes were probably not aware that mimic war was being carried on almost at their doors, but such was the case. The Reds attacked the city upon its western front, which means that the soldier game was carried on out beyond the confines of High Park. The attack of the Reds was so valiant and well planned that the defending Blues were obliged to give ground on one flank, and having no reinforcements, the decision of the umpires went against them. Thousands of people witnessed the invasion, while many thousands more saw the review which took place in the afternoon. With beautiful weather at their command the citizen soldiers enjoyed the outing, as did also the men, women and children who journeyed out to see the battle on the banks of the Humber. Altogether, it goes on record as the best fight in many years, and we are pleased to relate that there were no casualties.

The general scheme of the fight was about like this: a force was marching upon the city from the west; the defending force received word of their coming just in time to meet them at the Humber, and it was there the just-pretend bullets flew thick. The Red force was carried out of town on trains to Islington, there to commence their stealthy march on the city. After going through all the scouting preliminaries incidental to the advance, the attackers reached the Humber; the trouble began immediately, for in addition to the thousands of well-dressed citizens who lined the eastern banks of the Humber, there were also present a number of the Royal Canadian Regiment, regulars, who from well concealed positions maintained a constant lookout for their young friends, the enemy. These regulars were scattered, wide apart, along the bank, each man representing a force of about twenty-five men, and to the average onlooker it seemed that there was no chance for any attacking party to show itself without meeting with a terrific outburst from the rifles and the maxim gun which commanded the valley. However, as pictured above, the Queen's Own sneaked up under whatever cover they could find, their maxim gun popping from a hidden high spot, and in spite of everything, advanced across the river. The bridge at Bloor street was supposed to be blown up, so the first arrivals waded through, just to show they could do it. This operation afforded huge enjoyment to the people gathered upon the blown-up bridge, for wading a current is no easy task for men already tired with marching and scouting. The Mississauga Horse were kept in reserve along the road to the rear, and at the proper moment were signalled forward by the wig-wag squad.

One rather unusual feature of warfare was present in the person of a compensation officer, whose business was to count the number of apples and stray eatables that the men plucked during the advance, and to pay the farmer the market rate therefor. The weather was ideal for the day's business, and the thousands of spectators thoroughly enjoyed the whole programme.

The Pope's Interdict.

FOR a fortnight the Italian town of Adria, which has been placed under an interdict by the Pope, will be deprived of religious services and rites. The churches will be closed, the bells will not be rung, masses will not be celebrated, no sacraments will be administered and no funeral services held. The only exceptions are the baptism of infants born during the interdict and not likely to live, the administration of the last sacraments to dying persons and the celebration of marriages in the case of persons at the point of death.

The interdict was provoked by an assault on the Bishop of Adria, who was wounded in the head, spat upon, and otherwise insulted by an angry crowd who opposed the removal of the episcopal see from Adria to Rovigo. The diocese of Adria is one of the oldest in Italy, dating from the third century, when the city was a seaport and the Adriatic took its name from it. The sea has gradually receded until now it is seventeen miles away from the cathedral, which still has the iron rings on its walls where galleys used to be moored.

The present Bishop is the ninety-third in order of interrupted succession, but since the tenth century, owing to malaria, the Bishops of Adria, have resided at Rovigo, a smaller but more healthful town. The archives of the episcopal see are still kept at Adria. Several attempts were made to remove them to Rovigo, but the inhabitants of Adria protested and the Holy See left the matter in abeyance until Pius X. ordered their removal.

The bishop went to Adria to carry out the Pope's orders, but he was nearly stoned to death by the men, women and children of Adria. The interdict followed to punish the aggressors of the bishop and the town and suburbs of Adria.

An interdict is one of the gravest censures used by the Holy See. It was instituted by Gregory VII. in 1073 and used only in serious cases of open rebellion against the Church. Innocent III. interdicted England and King John in 1212 and France in 1200. Gregory X. interdicted Portugal in 1273 and Florence in 1275; Martin IV., Viterbo in 1281 and Sicily 1282. Boniface VIII. interdicted Denmark in 1294. Other interdicts in history are the following: Naples in 1355, Florence in 1478, Genoa in 1489, Venice in 1509 and again in 1606 and finally Adria in 1909.

The Sultan's Splendor Exaggerated.

THE splendors of Abdul Hamid's home at the Yildiz palace in Constantinople seem to have been greatly exaggerated, according to the account sent to the London trade journal, The Cabinet Maker, by a correspondent. He writes:

The whole place looked mean. The passages are small. Cupboards seem to be a mania. With a very few exceptions the private apartments contain nothing of value. The general idea of the furniture was that it was not only poor, but in exceedingly bad taste.

The Sultan's bathroom is quite a small apartment. Some of the cabinets look as though they had come from a barber's shop. His study was one mass of desks and cupboards.

The windows are not properly painted. One of the carpets had a large hole in it. His quarters were not only small and mean, but so stuffy and hot we were glad to get out.

Adjoining his bathroom is another small room in which he worked as a carpenter. Inlay of various colored woods, also pearl, and five or six panels in his study are said to be his work. They look like it. The drawing is bad, and the mixture of colored woods quite vulgar. The workmanship, however, is neat and accurate.

The ex-Sultan's "shirt room" is described as lined with "shelves all around covered with plush." He has a few hundred plush boxes of shirts and vests of all kinds. Some 2,000 waistcoats show his mania for new things which he never wore. Perhaps the most interesting articles are the bullet proof waistcoats. He had three of them.

Light on a London Mystery.

ABOUT a year ago in England there was committed a most mysterious murder. The wife of General Luard was killed in the grounds of their country estate in Kent, and the husband subsequently suicided. It is believed that rumors hinting at the General's guilt were largely responsible for his act.

The author of the murder remains undiscovered, and the case is as much of a mystery as ever, but an extraordinary story has reached London from an English officer serving in the Far East which suggests a solution of the affair.

Mrs. Luard's body was found stripped of its valuables, which included, according to the official account, a net purse, two ordinary rings, and "an antique diamond ring, said to be over 100 years old, with a very large diamond in the centre and encircled by other diamonds." No trace of this stolen property could be found in all England, but now comes the story that in a Chinese temple, an idol which for many years has been short of an eye, is now once more perfect.

General Luard on his wedding day presented to his bride an antique ring, in which was set the precious stone that had been carried off long ago from a Buddhist temple. All through her happy married life Mrs. Luard wore that ring. Through all these years death was ever near her, if the story is true that the worshippers of the despoiled god were sworn to restore the jewel to their divinity, cost what it might.

On the fatal day, a hand stretched out from nowhere, was upon Mrs. Luard, and she died, it may be, because of the violation long years ago of a Buddhist temple, the name of which she did not know, hidden away in a corner of China of which she had never heard. With something of Oriental magic the murderer vanished. Through the cordons of police he slipped, carrying the relic which for years men of his race had sought and the acquisition of which would make him a hero or saint among his people.

English people in the district, says the officer on whose authority the story is published, knew about the disappearance of the jewel from the face of the god. When they heard of its reappearance and remembered the murder of Mrs. Luard they formed their own conclusions. Wild and improbable these conclusions may seem, but those who know the East know that an Eastern fanatic would willingly range the world on such a pilgrimage of vengeance.

Standards of Success.

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, writing in The Forum for October on "Standards of Success," says:

Probably many Americans who have made colossal fortunes have not bee urged by avarice, by the naked desire for gain; rather have they been taken captive by the lure of the game itself, unwilling to draw out so long as they could sit in at the table. Perhaps some of them may be victims of the false reasoning which justifies a belief that as a moderate fortune helps us to enjoy life, a fortune ten times as large will provide ten times as much enjoyment. To argue in this way is to ignore the law of diminishing returns; and it is to commit the grosser blunder of supposing that pleasure can be bought with a price. But we all know that there is no shop where pleasure is sold—at least there is none where the products are guaranteed under the pure food law. Pleasure cannot be purchased, and it cannot even be sought for, with any chance of success in the pursuit. If we go gunning for pleasure, we are certain to come home with an empty bag, as well as with empty pockets, and the man who seeks that kind of sport generally starts out with an empty soul.

The truth is that pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has something to do that he wants to do intensely and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the keenest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done. The foolish talk about the "curse of labor" is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may retire into idleness. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is never a curse, that it is ever a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty only of inferiors, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal; it is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sweetens life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly accurst who is refused the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much money.

The Craze for New Colors.

SOME time ago mere men were astonished by hearing women talking of such colors as "London smoke," "elephant's breath," etc. Now the craze for new shades has reached extraordinary proportions. In this connection a London correspondent writes:

The mania for labelling articles in shop windows in London in weird and wonderful ways is more pronounced than ever. A brand new vocabulary of colors and styles has been invented.

Green cloth is termed almond if it is pale in shade, aeroplane if its tone is deep. A new blue is called aviation, and a rich coppery brown is known as caramel. Still another blue is cactus. Chanticleer is mulberry in disguise, and good old amethyst has become passiflore.

This fad for new names for well known things added to the present rage for everything French extends to all sorts of shops and restaurants. A restaurant frequented by shop assistants and clerks where the most expensive dish costs not more than 50 cents and a whole dinner can be procured for 30 cents has the entire menu printed in French, which the rosy cheeked English girls who serve have great difficulty in translating for their ultra British customers.

Perhaps the height of absurdity was reached the other day when an American woman went into a very smart confectioner's to buy a layer cake and was informed by the haughty and delightfully cockney shop server that it was not a cake but a "gateau."

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"THE Attic Guest," by Robert E. Knowles (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto, publishers; price $1.25) is the best novel this Canadian author has yet written. It is the story of Helen Randall, a well-born Virginian girl who marries a young Scotch clergyman and comes to Canada to live. The girl herself is the narrator. She tells of her home—the home of her uncle, a typical well-to-do Southerner, where she and her widowed mother are domiciled. Through the urging of her parent, she becomes engaged to a wealthy young man for whom she feels no genuine affection. There is a Presbytery meeting in toyn, and, the family being Presbyterians, preparations are made for receiving as a guest one of the visiting ministers or elders. After some discussion it is decided to give the guest an attic room. But at the last moment they are asked to receive, not a Presbytery delegate, but a young preacher just arrived from Scotland, Gordon Laird by name. Then Helen

LADY SARAH WILSON,
whose new work, entitled "Recollections of South Africa," is about to be published. It will be remembered that Lady Sarah Wilson was captured outside Mafeking early in the war, and during the siege contributed racy letters to the press. Afterwards she was exchanged for a Boer prisoner.

learns what real love is. She breaks off her engagement, and pledges her troth to Laird, who from the first sight of her has felt that she is his predestined wife. But Laird, unhappily, though perhaps unavoidably, falls into discussions with Helen's uncle on the negro question, something which it is idle and foolish to discuss with a Southerner. This causes misunderstanding and slight estrangement. But when the visitor interferes dramatically with a lynching which is about to occur near the house, one can readily imagine what happens. His host is furious, for his guest has set at nought the two ruling passions of the Southerner—he has taken the side of the black man and has outraged hospitality. Laird leaves for Canada, where he has received a small appointment. Helen, despite the bitter antagonism of her uncle promises to join her lover in a year, and does so. In the meantime the minister has had a call to a city pulpit. Then come many trials for Helen. Most of Laird's congregation are rich; he is poor. They struggle along. Then Laird, who is a very studious, sincere man, drifts toward unorthodoxy. He gives up his church and does mission work among the poor. Then they learn what real poverty is. Their son goes wrong, and they lose sight of him. Meanwhile Helen has come to cling to the simple faith that her husband has relinquished, and eventually she brings him back, the family is re-united, the uncle forgets his enmity for Laird, and all is well at last.

The tale is for the most part charmingly told, and some of the domestic scenes are pictured with a delicate simplicity suggestive of the artistry of S. R. Crockett. Helen and her husband are fine, admirable types, and the reader, as the story progresses, finds himself as much affected by their sorrows and as deeply interested in their joys and the development of their lives as if they were personal friends. At times the author has not been able, as in his former works, to avoid unnaturalness and melodrama. Such scenes as the introduction of Laird's father and the finding of the son in a theatre when he is playing a part in "The Old Homestead," are much exaggerated and over-colored. The financial exploit of the elder Laird is also very improbable. Old Scotchmen of that type do not chance their little all in a gamble in margins on questionable mining stock. But the novel as a whole is so good, so very much stronger and less amateurish than anything Mr. Knowles has yet done, that one feels eager only to praise it and to recommend it as a story that is unusually amusing, absorbing, refining, and refreshing.

* * *

To all men and women of religious training or temperament who wish to hold fast to Christianity but who find their faith being steadily overborne by the revelations of what is known as higher criticism—to all such a book entitled "Religion and Miracle," by Dr. George A. Gordon (Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers, Boston; price $1.30) ought to bring comfort and reassurance. Dr. Gordon's argument "is not against miracle, but against the identification of the fortune of religion with the fortune of miracle." It is clear to him that it is possible to put aside all the miracles of the Bible without losing anything of the essence of the Christian religion. He says: "Perhaps it may prepare the way for the happy surprise in which our discussion must issue to reflect that we can imagine a career as full of miracle as the life of Jesus is believed to be, and yet without worth. The miraculous does not impart to our Lord his worth. We can imagine one born without a human father, able to still storms and to walk on the tempestuous waves . . . . and finally himself reappearing after death; we can imagine a career like this full of portent and wonder from beginning to end, and yet absolutely destitute of those supreme qualities that have given to Jesus the moral leadership of the world . . . . If we might possess the miracles of our Lord without possessing the Lord himself, does it not follow that we might lose the miracles of our Lord and still retain him?"

The book is a notable contribution to the discussion of a question which many intellectuals look upon as tremendous, but one which Dr. Gordon feels is not at all overpowering.

* * *

A novel by W. J. Dawson is always an important contribution to the literature of the day, and "Masterman and Son" (Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers, New York and Toronto; price, $1.20) is a story as full of strength and sincerity as one has learned to expect from this sterling writer. Masterman is a Londoner who starts as a day-laborer and becomes a commercial magnate. He is deacon of a church, but "still a pirate, a buccaneer, a highwayman of commerce, thirsting for illicit adventure." The son has been educated at Oxford, but, while admiring his father's strength and generosity in many things, he refuses to enter his business. Instead, he becomes the friend of a socialistic writer, and falls in love with the latter's daughter. He goes to New York, and later settles on a fruit farm in British Columbia, resolving to become anything but a money-grabber. Trouble overtaking the father at last, the son rushes home. Masterman escapes jail but he loses his wealth and his power, and in the ruin that follows, including the death of his unhappy wife, we have a picture of the vanity of a mad pursuit of riches and position.

Mr. Dawson tells the story in the direct and unacrobatic style by which he has won the respect and admiration of discriminating readers. Like "A Prophet in Babylon" and others of his works, "Masterman and Son" is serious and purposeful, but it is never dull. It is a timely, convincing book —a powerful book, but very interesting withal. Some of its epigrams will no doubt be interesting to readers of this page:

"It is a great thing to know just to whom you belong; no man does any kind of good work till he knows that."

"To grow up in streets, carefully paved and graded, punctually lit at night; to live in houses where a hundred conveniences spring up to meet the idle hand; to be guarded from offence, provided for without exertion—ah, how different that life from the primitive life of man, familiar with rain and tempest, with a hundred rude and moving accidents, always poised upon the edge of peril, and existing instant by instant by an indomitable exercise of will and strength!"

"No man really enjoys life unless he starts poor. As long as a man is poor anything may happen to him; but after he becomes rich, nothing happens."

"Most people never live at first-hand. They are plagiarists."

"It is through fear of poverty that men sell their souls; and not until that ignoble fear is gone does the soul have a chance to live."

"The troubles of the young are apt to move the ridicule of the mature, who have long since discovered that even tragedies can be outlived, disasters forgotten, and the worst defeats repaired."

"It is a habit common with persons of a certain variety to treat a wife as a kind of lightning-rod, which conveniently receives the discharge of their superfluous wrath."

"Whenever you hear a man preaching very earnestly against a vice, you may be sure he has it."

"There is a vision of the mind and a vision of the heart; one is a judging vision, the other sympathetic vision; the one sees the surface only, the other the depth."

* * *

"Sins of Society," by Cecil Raleigh (The Copp. Clark Co., Limited, Toronto, publishers) is a novel of English society, full of thrills and excitement. It is adapted from the melodrama of Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton.

* * *

"Introducing Corinna," by Winifred Kirkland (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto, publishers; price, $1.00), is an unusually good story of its kind. It relates the experiences of a girl graduate who assumes a position as head-mistress of a boarding school for young ladies. Corinna's trials are remarkable, and the reader does not have to be a girl to follow her experiment with keen interest and to rejoice at her success.

* * *

An interesting story is told by Hutchins Hapgood, author of "The Spirit of the Ghetto," which has just been revised for a new edition, about the man who illustrated that work eight years ago when it was first published. It seems that the illustrator, Jacob Epstein, was a poor struggling artist of the East Side of New York. He lived in a ramshackle tenement in Hester street, and Mr. Hapgood became acquainted with him. He was very talented and the dream of his life at that time was to go to Italy and France and perfect his studies, but lack of means prevented him. The opportunity came, however, when he made the arrangement for illustrating "The Spirit of the Ghetto." It was a labor of months, but the ambitious young artist stinted himself in every way and laid aside every cent which was paid him for this work. With this money he undertook his trip to Europe, and it seems he has never returned to America. From painting he went to sculpture and has made his mark in his new profession. He now lives in London in luxurious style. When it is considered that but eight years have elapsed since he illustrated the first edition of "The Spirit of the Ghetto," it might be looked upon as quite a remarkable rise on the part of a man whose life seemed utterly hopeless amidst his old surroundings.

* * *

"Frank Danby" (Mrs. Julia Frankau), the novelist, has announced that she does not intend to publish any more books, stating, that she finds no possibility of fame for her because of the unfairness of the reviewers. "You must either beg for notices or advertise yourself into notoriety in order to succeed as a writer," she said. "The turgid twaddle of all kinds which is reviewed on the day of publication generally bears no relation to life or literature, while books which are written seriously and beautifully are not noticed. I made £10,000 out of my three art books, and 'An Incompleat Etonian' has reached a sale of 15,000 already. Notwithstanding this, I have been knocking too long at the closed door of fame."

* * *

It has now been decided to bring out Mr. William DeMorgan's new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," in England and America on November 16. Mr. William Heinemann will be the London publisher, while the American publishers will be Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. HAL.

HALL CAINE.
This is the most recent photograph of Mr. Caine. His latest novel, "The White Prophet," is said to be quite as solemnly pretentious and at the same time as mildly melodramatic as one would expect from the subject of this portrait.

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M. P. LANGSTAFF, OF TORONTO, WINNING THE HIGH JUMP AT WOODSTOCK ON THANKSGIVING DAY.
This remarkable photograph shows Langstaff clearing the bar at 5 feet 4 inches.

AT the eleventh annual track and field sports fixture of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union held at the Varsity Athletic Field, Toronto, last Friday afternoon the University of Toronto athletes not only won the championship, but completely outclassed the Queen's and McGill teams. The men with the blue and white colors secured 66 points. McGill was second best with 24, and Queen's secured only 18 points. Following is a summary of the results:

100 yards, final heat—Frank Halbaus, Toronto, tied with Lou J. Sebert, Toronto; 3, G. M. Grundy, McGill. Time, 10 seconds flat. S. E. L. Hollingshead, McGill, also ran.

Half-mile, final—1, L. A. Wright, Toronto; 2, R. S. Sheppard, Toronto; 3. A. E. Thompson, McGill. Time, 2.04 3-5. H. C. Wallace, Queen's, and E. H. Gray, McGill, also ran.

16-pound hammer, final—1, McKinnon, Queen's; 2, A. D. W. Kay, Toronto; 3, H. G. Bertram, Queen's. Distance, 109 feet

Pole vault—1, D. C. Foster, Queen's; 2, A. O. Elliott, Toronto; 3, H. Smith, McGill. Height, 10 feet 2 inches.

220 yards, final—1, F. Halbaus, Toronto; 2, L. J. Sebert, Toronto; 3, R. E. L. Hollingshead, McGill. Time, .22 1-5. New record. G. M. Grundy, McGill, also ran.

One mile, final—1, E. M. Watts, Toronto; 2, W E. G. Murray, McGill; 3, G. E. Woodley, Toronto. Time, 4.40 3-5. E. H. Gray, McGill, also ran.

16-pound shot—1, H. McKinnon, Queen's; 2, A. D. W. Kay, Toronto; 3, J. McKinnon, Queen's. Distance, 39 feet 1 1-2 inches (new record. Kay's best put was 38 feet 3-5 inch.

High jump, final—1, K. W. Dowie, McGill; 2, J. M. Gibson, Toronto; 3, H. C. Davis, Toronto. Height, 5 feet 5 inches. Gibson's best jump was 5 feet 3 inches.

Running broad jump—1, H. C. Davis, Toronto; 2, K. W. Dowie, McGill; 3, C. S. Cameron, Toronto. Distance, 20 feet 4 1-2 inches.

Team race—1, Toronto; 2, McGill; 3, Queen's. Time, 3.23 3-5. (New record.)

120 yards hurdle, final—1, K. W. Dowie, McGill; 2, L. A. Wright, Toronto; 3, O. E. Finch. Toronto. Time, 16 4-5 seconds (new record). J. S. MacLeod, McGill, also ran

Discus throw—1, A. D. W. Kay, Toronto; 2, E. Futtere, McGill; 3, H. G. Bertram, Queen's. Distance, 114 feet 6 inches (new record).

440 yards, final—1, L. J. Sebert, Toronto; 2, R. B. Chandler, Toronto; 3, A. E. Thompson, McGill. Time, 53 1-5 seconds. W. R. Smith, McGill, and A. M. Shaw, Queen's, also ran.

The points for the team championship were scored as follows:—

Varsity—Pole vault, 3; 100 yards dash, 8; 220 yards dash, 8; 16-pound shot, 3; 16-pound hammer, 3; half-mile, 8; one mile,, 6; high jump, 4; discus, 5; 120 yards hurdle, 4; 440 yards, 8; broad jump, 6. Total. 66.

McGill—Pole vault, 1; 100 yards, 1; half mile, 1; high jump, 5; 220 yards, 1; one mile, 3; discus, 3; 120 yards hurdle, 5; 440 yards, 1; broad jump, 3. Total, 24.

Queen's—Pole vault, 5; 16-pound hammer, 6; 16-pound shot, 6; discus, 1. Total, 18.

The day was cold and very disagreeable, and the attendance was small. But those who allowed bad weather conditions to keep them from the field missed some remarkably good athletic performances. No less than six intercollegiate records were broken, four of them by Varsity men, as will be noted by a perusal of the summary. The sensation of the meet was the dead heat in the final of the hundred yards dash between the Varsity crack, Lou J. Sebert, and Frank Halbaus, a team-mate, whose powers as a sprinter were quite unknown or at least unproved. Sebert held the University record for the hundred yards at 10 2-5, but Halbraus made the distance in 10 flat, and the former champion, straining every nerve, hit the top at the same moment. In the 220 Halbaus won, beating Sebert, and making a new record. The new champion up to the present time has been running the quarter, half, and mile distances and doing broad jumping, and it is thought that, with ordinary luck, if he specializes in the sprint, he is a coming national champion.

* * *

THERE was a good deal of road-racing in various parts of the country on Thanksgiving Day. The big event, the Hamilton Herald race, was won by James George, the Beaverton Indian. He made the distance in 1.51.25, and as he was not pressed greatly and finished strong, his time compares favorably yith the record for this event—1.48.43, held by Sammy Mellor. Near, this year's winner of the Ward Marathon, finished fourth, about four minutes behind George. This is another proof of the uncertainty of long distance results. The Montreal Herald road race was won by Jim Robson, of the Gordon Harriers, who won in 56.46, a new record for the mountain course, which is about 10 miles. The Royal Canadian ten-mile handicap, run at East Toronto, was won by George Evans, of the Evangelia Club, who started at the six-minute mark. At Guelph, Alf. Sellers won the 15 mile race, and two other West End Y.M.C.A. men, Nat Dyment and Jack Tait, won the 10 mile cross-country and the 5 mile events respectively.

* * *

THE Woodstock meet was the big athletic event of the holiday in the province. It attracted a long string of the cracks. Bobby Kerr was on hand and won the 100 yard and 220 yard events, beating Lou Sebert. The half mile was a fierce battle between "Chuck" Skene and his rival, Whitehead. The former won in 2.01 4-5. Other interesting events were won as follows:

120 yd. hurdles—L. Wright, University of Toronto; 2, A. Cameron, Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto; 3, R. Sheppard, University of Toronto. Time, .17.

Running high jump—1, M. P. Langstaff, West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto; 2, J. Gibson, Toronto; 3, Marsh, London Y.M.C.A. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Pole vault—1, M. P. Langstaff. West End, Toronto. Sheppard and Gibson competed, but did not jump to a decision for second place.

One mile relay—1, University of Toronto, Sebert, Wright, Chandler and Sheppard; 2, Millionaire Club, Woodstock, Dent, Whitehead, Milne and Bloodsworth; 3, St. Thomas A.C., E. Jaggard, J. Jaggard, McMichael and Cole. Time, 3.33 1-3.

Two-mile walk—1, George Goulding, Central Y.M.C.A., Toronto; 2, W. A. Reid, Toronto. Time, 13.57.

* * *

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is in New York, and he says he is "red-hot" for another try at lifting the America's Cup.

"I have been defeated three times in American waters," said Sir Thomas, "and I will say very frankly that on each occasion the best boat has won. This much, however, let me say: Every time I have challenged the racing rules have been so changed that each new race has required that I build a bigger freak than the last one. Five times the rules have been changed."

Sir Thomas would like the New York Yacht Club either to change its rules so that he can bring over a 90-footer and race, say in 1911. In America, however, three times and out seems to be not only a baseball principle but a general principle in sport and other things. Up to his third defeat he is considered plucky, but after that he is largely a joke.

* * *

AS was to be expected, Jim Jeffries has had a lot of his talk published since his return from Europe. "I will fight Johnson, and I will beat him easily," quoth James J. to the reporters who gathered around him as he walked off the gangway of the Lusitania at New York last Friday. "The nigger is yellow under his black hide. He's a rotter. He's a four-flusher. He's a —— of a champion. He's an over-rated piece of punk. He's never been up against anything but second-rate and third-rate fighters. I'll sign articles with him soon enough. I'll fight for the biggest purse any good club will put up, and I'll knock his head off." Such is the substance of the ex-champion's remarks, columns of which have been published.

But Mr. Jeffries has talked like this for quite a while. Really the only new or significant thing learned about him is the fact that at present he weighs 232 pounds.

* * *

The second annual banquet of the Oaklands Lawn Bowling Club was held in Toronto on the evening of October 15, with over forty-five members and guests present. The Oaklands Club is the only bowling club in the city with an annual fixture of this sort. After partaking of an appetizing bill of fare, the prizes played for during the past season were presented, and a toast list was presided over by the President, Mr. E. P. Pearson, in a happy manner.

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"I think hoops of gold would be better," said the summer girl, shyly.—Life.

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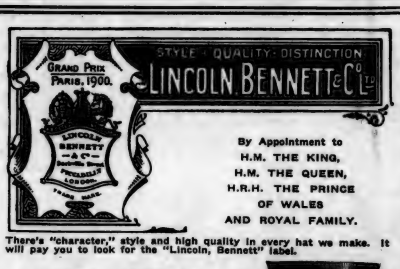

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THE DRAMA

MARY MANNERING
Starring in "A Man's World," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

GEORGE ARLISS, polished and versatile actor, has under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske, honored Toronto with the premier production of "Septimus." Dainty as a bit of Dresden, delicate as a piece of lace, we have with us this week at the Royal Alexandra the dramatized version of W. J. Locke's novel, done into a stage performance by Phillip Littell. Those who have perused the pages of "Simple Septimus" will be somewhat skeptical of its possibilities as a play; and well they may, for in plot it is trivial, incidental almost to the characterization of Septimus Dix. In the hands of a company less competent, and particularly in the hands of an actor less deft than Mr. Arliss, the possible product would be painful to contemplate. As it stands, however, the comedy, with the character of Septimus Dix, the dreamy inventor, the divine fool, as the pivotal point, the net product is all that one could desire. Fanciful and sentimental, quaint and humorous without a suggestion of farce or horse play "Septimus" stands almost by itself among the newer productions; but alas, I will venture to predict that it is bound to be misunderstood. This at least, will be the case if all audiences may be judged by those who have gone to see it in Toronto. Perhaps this is an unfair indictment of audiences generally, but one must deal with the facts. There is an old saw which says that one cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, and with equal propriety it might be laid down as a principle that intelligent audiences cannot be gathered from among folks with vaudeville minds. At every performance so far this week the Royal Alexandra has contained large audiences, and a goodly percentage of these men and women looked for broad comedy and even farce in every other line, and strange as it may appear they find it. In moments that were deeply pathetic, at times when sobs and tears and faint smiles were all closely intermingled, the house was on edge with giggles from the women and loud guffaws from the men. To those upon the stage it must have been almost heart rending to be so misunderstood. Now a word for Emily Stevens, the talented young actress who plays Emma Oldrieve, for the remainder of the cast and for the staging of the production, which is on Harrison Grey Fiske's best lines, and this as everyone knows means much. "Septimus" is worth while. If you are fond of a quaint, well told stage story admirably acted, and can make up your minds to laugh in the right place, by all means go and see it.

* * *

A WOMAN'S Way," presented by Grace George and a very capable company at the Princess this week, is a light, breezy comedy which the average play-goer finds exceedingly amusing. The proof of this is the fact that Mr. Sheppard's theatre has enjoyed the patronage of large and pleased audiences during the week so far, and will probably have bumper houses today and to-morrow. Critically judged, the comedy is rather thin and narrowly escapes being farcical, but it is well acted, and furthermore it is just the sort of play that a great many people most enjoy. The majority of theatre-goers like to be amused, like to forget their every-day cares and worries when they go to a playhouse, which they feel is, or ought to be, largely a house of mirth. And the expectations of this large class are realized in "A Woman's Way."

The story of the play is simple. A rich young married couple of New York drift apart—a case of too much money and a lack of common interests. The husband becomes attached to a woman who is physically attractive, but quite common. Divorce is in the air; but the wife, instead of storming, invites her despised rival to her home and encourages her husband to see as much as possible of her. The upshot is that the latter discovers the immense difference between the two women, realizes that he has made a fool of himself, and the reconciliation planned by the wife follows. Miss George is bright, charming, and versatile in the role of the wife, and C. Aubrey Smith is excellent in his delineation of the husband, a clean-cut, likable, but thoughtless fellow. Miss Carolyn Kenyon is fully equal to the ungracious task of portrayig the designing widow who is the cause of all the trouble. The other parts are filled quite satisfactorily.

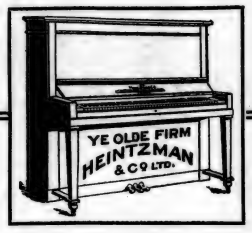
* * *

SUPPORTED by an excellent company under the management of the Shuberts, with Mr. Charles Richman as leading man, Mary Mannering will appear at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for a week commencing Monday night, presenting Rachel Crothers' latest play, "A Man's World." Miss Crothers is well known through her admirable western drama, "The Three of Us."

JANE OAKER,
One of the principals in "The Coast of Chance," at the Princess next week.

"A Man's World" is peopled entirely with men and women of the art world, and the scenes take place in the lodgings of the artist, the Bohemian atmosphere giving picturesque coloring to the play. A novelist, a journalist, a German violinist, an Italian opera songstress, a French artist, a painter of miniatures, a dramatist, and a little boy are concerned in the play. The Shuberts, it is promised, have spared no expense or trouble to embellish the surroundings

(*Concluded on page* 18.)



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M U S I C

THE first concert of the season by our Toronto Symphony Orchestra was a distinguished success; and, as such, it must have been very gratifying to Mr. Welsman and the committee. The local performers never did better work in public. All sections of the orchestra showed improvement over last season, especially the wood-wind. The most finical could find no fault with the intonation, and the tone is advancing in richness and sonority.

The "Egmont" overture, with its mighty lamentation and its final tumultuous rejoicing was a splendid opening number. The Scotch Symphony, which occupied the best part of an hour, was listened to with deep attention. The first movement is full of a suggestion of vastness and grandeur, the second movement has a delicacy that is almost piquant but never trivial, the third is remarkable for the lovely theme in the strings, while the final movement is informed with an heroic power that makes for climax with superb results.

The Four Waltzes of Coleridge Taylor were perhaps a little too serious and thoughtful to make a good closing number. This composer has missed the spirit of abandon and romance which should characterize the waltz.

Madame Gadski scored a popular triumph. One might criticize her lack of smoothness in parts of the aria from "Der Freischutz," when the German gutterals were made to sound with harshness that seemed unnecessary. Her voice is very brilliant, but might have more warmth in its *timbre*.

The group of songs by Schubert, Brahms, Greig, MacDowell, Schneider, and Strauss, showed the wealth of resources of the great artiste. Daintiness, soft-breathed tenderness, exquisite pianissimo, sensitively imaginative tone-coloring, brilliant power, and thrilling climax were to be found in the rendering of these numbers. Without being hyper-critical one might note that the singer was slightly below pitch once or twice during the evening.

As usual, Mme. Gadski was most gracious and prodigal of encores, and that she found the hearts of her auditors the enthusiastic demand for these would go to show.

* * *

The vocal recital by Mr. George Dixon on Saturday last in the Conservatory Music Hall formed an evening of great pleasure to the assembled listeners. The development of this young tenor was remarkably demonstrated in a programme of much variety. Mendelssohn's "The Sorrows of Death," from the Hymn of Praise, was sung with a wailing appeal, Stanzieri's Io T'amero was rendered with deep passion, the three French chausonettes were daintily handled, Abt's "Spring's Awakening" was expressed with great abandon, "The Little Boy Blue" of Nevin received a delicate and tender rendering, and the rollicking "Questa o Quella" of Verdi made a fine concluding number. Mr. Dixon's voice is hardly robust enough for the "Standard on the Braes o' Mar" but he compelled admiration by his spirited fervor in singing it. One must compliment the recitalist on his excellent enunciation and also his pronunciation in Italian, French, and German. Miss Caro Dell Peel was an efficient accompanist.

Miss Ada Twohy, solo pianist, played "Legende," Paderewski; "In der Einsamkeit," Peldini; and Allegro Scherzando, Pierne; with impressive effect. In her later number, the Wagner - Liszt Tannhauser March, Miss Twohy was inclined to let her abundant temperament affect the steadiness of the march time, but her rendering of this exacting composition was technically very brilliant.

After the recital a complimentary supper was tendered Mr. Dixon at the Military Institute by his male friends in musical circles, it being the eve of his departure for New York for purposes of further study.

May success and continued growth in musical grace be yours, George; and may the gods ever smile on you. That is the wish of your many friends.

* * *

Mme. Blanche Marchesi's song recital in Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week was a valuable lesson in interpretation to the many vocal students present. More than one choirmaster missed choristers from rehearsal who confessed to having played truant in order to hear Mme. Marchesi's vocalization. The old English and old French songs, the Norweigan number "Soft-footed Snow," the Revolution song "Les Pied Nus," and the group of children's songs were especially noteworthy.

* * *

With Wagner, says The Boston Post, the art of singing has undergone significant decay. Stentorian tone, noise and lots of it, and vigorous screaming in climaxes now please the public. But despite the change, America has always bent the knee to Mme. Marcella Sembrich. This perfect little prima donna is taking into her retirement a refined, elegant and beautiful style of singing which is now too rare, and which will be greatly missed.

She became the great singer that she is because she has always been a profound student. Her parents were very poor. She began to play the piano at four, the violin at six, and the voice a few years later. When, in 1883, after years of courageous self-denial, she came to New York, metropolitan music lovers were not used to such purity of style and tone, and the city fell at her feet.

No public singer has ever had a vaster repertoire than Mme. Sembrich. As Elman interprets the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, or Rosenthal the Liszt, so Sembrich has sung the soul of Mozart, Puccini, of Schubert and Schumann. She is absolute music incarnate. Her musical intelligence has made her a great interpreter, and this she could have been on the piano or violin as well.

With Marcella Sembrich's retirement from Grand Opera the world loses perfect music and flawless beauty of expression. Her throat is that of the nightingale, her tone that of the mocking-bird, her depth that of the sea. Her recitals always require the loftiest art. To each one who has had the privilege of hearing her, her absence in coming seasons will be a personal loss.

The extent of the tour which Mme. Sembrich is making may be appreciated when it is understood that it will consume the entire season, every section of the country being included. The singer's assisting artists are Frank La Forge, pianist, and Francis Rogers, baritone. Madame Sembrich will be heard in Massey Hall on Wednesday evening next, Nov. 3.

* * *

The many Buffalo supporters of the Guido Men's Chorus of that city are desirous that a concert should be arranged in Toronto for that superior organization. It is hoped that this may be brought about some time before the end of the present season. The Guido Chorus is about 80 singers strong, mostly professionals. Dr. Vogt, of Toronto, who has several times attended their fine concerts, states that they are one of the most efficient and thoroughly trained bodies of men singers in the United States. Their conductor is Mr. Seth Clark, a very talented musician, whose choir of boys in Trinity Church, Buffalo, has charmed many Torontonians visiting that city.

* * *

High Park Presbyterian Church will give the annual choir concert at the old Fern Avenue Church on Tuesday evening, Nov. 2. Assistance will be given by Mrs. T. A. Armstrong, Mrs. J. H. Payne, Frank Converse Smith, Ernest J. Seitz, and George Frederick Liddle; Miss Ethel Dever, organist; W. Preston MacHenry, musical director.

* * *

The plan is now open for the annual concert of the Toronto College of Music, which takes place at Massey Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 1st.

ARPEGGIO.

(*See also page* 7).

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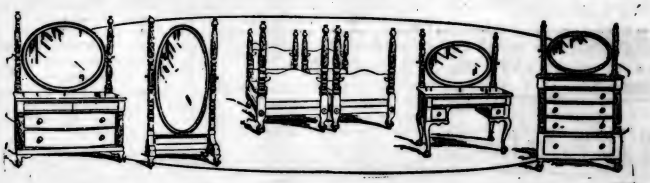
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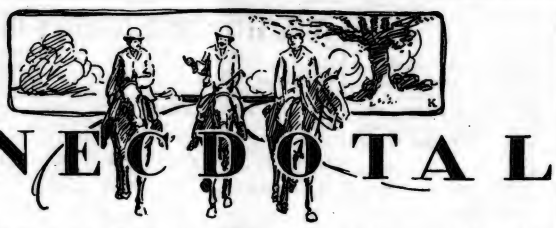

ANECDOTAL

ONE evening at family prayers the head of the house read that chapter which concludes with, "And the wife see that she reverence her husband." After the exercises had closed and the children had gone to bed, he quoted it, looking meaningly at his wife.

"Let us see what the Revised Version says on that subject," said she. "I will follow the new teaching, if you please."

The Revised Version was produced, and her chagrin may be imagined as the head impressively read, "And let the wife see that she fear her husband."

* * *

THERE is an old story long current in his home city, Brooklyn, about the late Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, which illustrates how a son is to his mother the most important being in the world. In Dr. Cuyler's case, one could not question his ability and usefulness. Besides being a successful pastor, he was the author of many religious books which were read here and abroad, as well as a frequent contributor to certain magazines.

Bachelor Uncle: "Mary, you'd better go to your baby. I hear her crying." Young Mother: "Uncle! How dare you!"—Harper's Weekly.

When he was in England, he and his mother corresponded regularly, and at great length, so the tradition goes.

One day a letter came in which he described his presentation to Queen Victoria. Mrs. Cuyler read it with eagerness, hardly able to wait till she had finished before telling some one what had happened. When she at last got through the letter, she hastened to a neighbor's house and announced:

"I've just got a letter from England, and, do you know, the Queen has seen Theodore."

* * *

"HAVE you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer of a jeweler recently.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?"

"The price is no object if I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will arouse the girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

* * *

SIR Leopold M'Clintock, the Arctic explorer, who died recently, was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields of the North.

"We certainly would have traveled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical moment."

"But," exclaimed a lady who had been listening very intently, "I thought that the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures."

Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied. "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss."

* * *

HOW the infant son of the young King of Spain gave personal attention to a request for a pension and decided in favor of the petitioner, is told in an article in The Literary Magazine. We read:

A few months after he was born the widow of an officer who was killed in Cuba appealed for an increase of pension. She had repeatedly made application through the ordinary channels, but without result. Then the idea occurred to her to address a memorial to His Royal Highness Alfonso, Infante of Spain. The letter was opened by the baby prince's secretary—he has a small army of high dignitaries to wait upon him—who referred it to the King.

The young monarch read it and smiled. Holding it in his hand he made his way through the corridors of the escurial, the secretary following wonderingly. In the nursery they found the queen and the baby prince sitting in his crib. The King gravely explained the situation, and then with a formal bow returned the letter to the secretary.

"But what shall I do with it, sire?" he asked.

"Why, give it to the prince, to whom it is directed, of course."

The secretary, bowing low, held it on the royal cradle. The baby grabbed it eagerly and smiled.

"Well, what does the prince say to it?" asked his Majesty, after a pause, turning to the nurse.

"Really, your Majesty, he appears to me to say nothing," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"All right, silence gives consent," said the King. "Mr. Secretary, see that the letter is forwarded to the War Department with the proper indorsement, and write to the woman that the prince grants the request."

* * *

JOHNNY came home the other night in high glee, wearing the arithmetic medal.

"What is that for?" asked his mother.

"That's the prize for doing examples," said Johnny. "I did this one: 'If our new baby weighs eleven and a half pounds, and gains an ounce each day'—'cause you told Mrs. Smith she did yesterday—'how much will she weigh when she's twenty years old?' And the answer was, four hundred and sixty-six pounds. And the teacher said I earned the prize."

* * *

AFTER a visit to a famous entomologist, whose wonderful microscopes have proved that there is always some living being to be found preying on the last of the minutest creature last seen, an English writer turned to him and said:

"I came here, believing myself to be an individual. I leave, knowing myself to be a community."

* * *

THE father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadham's horses came to him.

"You los' you affection foh me, boss?" he asked.

"No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever."

"Then," asked Scipio, peevishly, "w'yn't you tie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dorg?"

* * *

SOME years ago Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man, hired a private secretary. Speaker Reed dropped in to call on Mr. Munsey, who was an old friend of his. The secretary said that Mr. Munsey was engaged.

"All right," said Reed. "I'll wait."

At the end of half an hour Munsey's door opened and the publisher appeared showing his caller out.

Seeing the Speaker, he grasped his hand and dragged him into his office.

School Governess: "Why, Vera, your essay is copied word for word from Macaulay." Vera: "Well, I thought I couldn't do a beter one myself."—Punch.

An hour later, when Reed had gone, Mr. Munsey called his secretary.

"Look here, Block," he said; "what do you mean by letting Speaker Reed wait unannounced half an hour."

"Wa-wa-wath that Mr. 'Reed?"

"It certainly was."

"Why I thought it wath the Rev. Dr. John Hall," said the secretary.

"Dr. Hall has been dead two years," answered Munsey, severely.

"I know it," replied the secretary, "that why I thought it wath tho very peculiar!"

* * *

SOME time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!"

"Hello, Dave!"

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."

* * *

A TRAVELER in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed.

He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened little old man with a club, while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?"

"He's mah husban', an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll suah beat him some moah."

"What has he done?"

"Wha's he done? Why, this triflin' no'count nigger done lef' de door of my chicken-house open and all mah chickens done gone out."

"Pshaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, suh, they'll go back."

* * *

F. FRANKFORT MOORE, the novelist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and J. M. Barrie happened to be playing a cricket match together. With them was a sporting Englishman whose education was much more thorough in cricket than in books. But he knew that this team was nominally composed of authors and made up his mind to be sociable with them.

For his first essay he ran against the man who invented Sherlock Holmes.

"Would you mind telling me your name? I didn't quite catch it just now," he said.

"Conan Doyle," was the reply.

"Ah!" The sportsman pulled at his mustache. "Do you write?" he asked at last.

"A little?" said the author in some surprise.

The conversation ended and the next man the questioner happened against chanced to be J. M. Barrie, hiding from the sight of men in a quiet corner, as is his wont.

"Feeling fit?" the cricketer asked.

"Pretty fair," said Barrie.

"D'ye know, I didn't quite catch your name a minute or so ago. Would you mind?"

"My name's Barrie."

"Ah!" and a long silence, for Barrie is the most nervous of men in the presence of strangers.

"Do you write, Mr. Barrie?"

"I have written now and then, I am afraid," said Barrie, meekly.

Shortly afterward the sportsman moved on once more, feeling that men who wrote were about as unentertaining as last year's newspapers. He tugged at his mustache, and at that moment ran full tilt into Frankfort Moore. The same question followed in the praiseworthy effort to get on warmer terms with his fellow players. And when he learned the third stranger's name, his face brightened wonderfully.

"I needn't ask if you write, Mr. Moore," he cried with enthusiasm. "'Lalla Rookh' is a household word with us."

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MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1909.

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Provincial Government Analyst.

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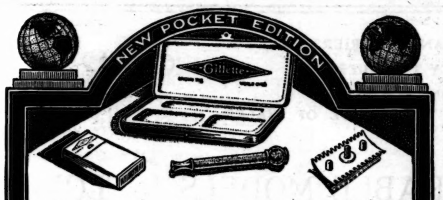

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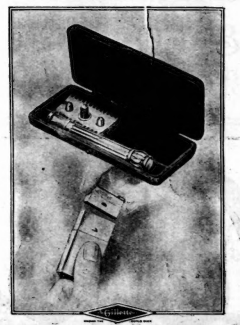

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Column

"WHY don't you get into the ring?" enquires a somewhat inclined-to-be-funny correspondent, "and side with one or the other, votes for women—or back to the home." My correspondent scolds me for lack of interest in the shrieking sisterhood, a laugh underlying his jibes, and insists that everyone who has a chance for a hearing should make strokes with a pen either for or against any question the world is fighting over. I am constitutionally incapable of argument. The clash of tongues always makes me flee from their neighborhood, strife either terrifies or numbs me. The main reason being that I think so few things I've ever heard of are worth fighting over. Needless to say, I'm not going to let my man correspondent "draw me," even in a bantering way. He says, "if you had taxes to pay, or a property stake in the game, perhaps you'd speak up, but being a sort of butterfly person, as I understand, you probably don't realize things as you might." Having paid taxes for a great many years, and had stakes in the game in various parts of the city, and knowing perfectly well that taxation without representation is unfair, I still don't feel called upon to "get into the ring," as I am requested to, for I haven't the least idea what I should do if I got there. Neither abuse or chaff has much power to move a person whose mind is busy with a great many interesting subjects, so the kindly efforts of this good man to bestir me, may as well be directed to better things.

It is well to know just what one cannot do, and then never be caught trying to do it. I often think it would be an admirable thing if persons knew when they made fools of themselves by trying to speak in public, and positively refused when called on for a speech. Instead of which, a keen observer can see the willing victim fidgetting and clearing his throat and smiling ingratiatingly when everyone else is groaning under the elocutionary efforts that so often bring ennui into a happy party. I know an incorrigible person, who has a will of his own, and willed not to be coerced into speechmaking. The complaisant host of the occasion refused to hear his earnest assurance that he never had, never would, and never could make a speech. "Our friend, Mr. ——, will now say a few words to you!" said the host with a fat smile. Everyone waited, it was a long moment, then the man who couldn't, hadn't, and wouldn't, stood up, cleared his throat, and very solemnly said these few words: "Irey, Orey, Ickery, Au fisilen, folesen, Nicholas, John—Query, quary—Injun, Mary, stickelum, stackleum, buck!" and sat down amid wild applause.

Whatever are women coming to? I heard of six cases of nervous collapse this week, just a hint to the sex to get busy and think out the reason. Women have great need of quiet times, the long hour when the little adored morsel of life that calls one mother, lies softly breathing against one's breast, the gentle monotony of a long bit of sewing, even despised fancy-work, but preferable, the even steady stitching of a hem, or the dainty joining of a seam. Our grandmothers had these quiet times, when the fragrant home breath was drawn peacefully, and the gentle eyes looked tranquilly and restfully upon the pretty tasks of hand-craft, herb-craft, and the dear wise ways of the time when women had hours without disturbance and life flowed gracefully and leisurely. In this age it seems a dream that women met and chatted for hours about their little ones, their sewing, their painting, or their drives and walks—dear, dignified, pleasant women, who never madly goaded themselves into nervous collapse and insanity.

'Twas grand, the times we used to have, listening to the old lady telling of Hallowe'en, and the pranks and tricks and charms she tried when she was young and pretty. But there was one hair-raising tale she told us of sweet Molly Monahan, who wanted to see her future husand, and went out the door backwards, and down the path to the "lover's tryst," a stile twined with vines and wild rose trees, looking faithfully in a mirror and saying a charm as hard as ever she could. Molly Monahan went backwards until she collided with a small stray donkey, and saw his little nose and long ears in her mirror, when with a wild yell, she fled forwards into the house and fainted beside the hearth fire. And she came to, shuddering and vowing the old boy himself had looked into her mirror, and that she was finished and done for. "Which, indade, she wasn't one bit," the old lady always concluded, "for she married a man named Bray and lived to ninety, and p'what, may I ask, are yez all laughing at?"

Thanksgiving week should be spent in the country in roaming through highways and byways, and rustling ill-conducted leaves that go careering hither and yon with every vagrant puff of wind, out in the fields where nut-trees line banks of small streams, where sumachs glow fervid red and soft maples turn to gold, where raindrops hang of naked branches and hoar-frost touches furrows with aged white, where rabbits scuttle, and many small creatures are busy filling up knot holes with nuts, where the soft sky, half blue, half grey, broods with a chastened beauty over all. And when you spend such a Thanksgiving be sure to thank God for it. You may get your clothes full of bootjack burs, and your nose full of cold in the head, but such a Thanksgiving gives sound sleep and good red blood for several ensuing years.

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

ALTHOUGH the season has not yet been formally opened in the Capital, and will not be in full swing until after the opening of Parliament on November 11, and very few of the hostesses have yet commenced to receive, yet social gatherings are beginning to assert themselves once more, and are becoming more frequent as each week goes by. Several charmingly arranged festivities of various kinds made last week a most enjoyable one, and among them were three or four teas and luncheons given in special honor of a visitor from Toronto, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, of "Glenedyth," who is spending a month with her daughter, Mrs. Edward Houston and Mr. Houston, in Besserer street. Mrs. Louis K. Jones on Wednesday afternoon gave a light tea, inviting about forty of her friends to meet Mrs. Nordheimer, and Miss Muriel Burrowes, Miss Ethel Jones and Miss Milly White did the honors at a tea-table bright with crimson carnations. On the following day Mrs. Crombie also entertained at the tea-hour in Mrs. Nordheimer's honor, and Mrs. W. K. Egan was the hostess of an extremely smart and well-appointed luncheon at the Country Club on Wednesday, when those invited to meet the popular Torontonian were Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Robert Gill, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Crombie and Mrs. L. K. Jones. Another of the enjoyable luncheons of the week was given on Tuesday by Mrs. Montizambert, when her visitors the Misses Phillips, of Quebec, shared with Mrs. Nordheimer the honor of being the *"raisons d'etre,"* and those united to meet them were Lady Hanbury Williams, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. H. P. Wright, Mrs. A. G. Parker and Mrs. J. A. Clayton.

Other enjoyable events of the week were a luncheon on Wednesday, at which Miss Beatrice Chadwick was the pretty young hostess; a tea given by Mrs. Fred Powell on Thursday, and a particularly delightful dinner on Wednesday, which Col. and Mrs. Irwin entertained Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parker, Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour, Col. Lessard, Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Powell, and Mr. J. G. Foster.

Several hostesses gave dinner parties preceding the Racquet Court dance, and among those were Mrs. H. P. Wright, whose eldest daughter, Miss Phoebe Wright, is one of the prettiest of the season's "buds"; Lady Fitzpatrick, whose youngest daughter, Miss Margaret, was one of last season's debutantes; Mrs. Frank Oliver, who entertained a group of her daughter's young friends, and Mrs. N. H. C. Fraser, each of whom took their guests on to the ball.

A wedding which will take place this autumn and, regrettably, as in so so many instances of late, will necessitate the departure of the bride from among her legion of friends in the Capital, is that of Miss Bessie Keefer, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer, of "Elmwood," Rockliffe, and granddaughter of Mr. Thos. Keefer, C.E., of Rockliffe Manor, and Mr. George Sweeney, of Toronto, brother of His Lordship, Bishop Sweeney. The ceremony will take place on November 20, at St. John's church, and Miss Elsie Keefer, of Toronto, and Miss Gwendolyn Smart, of Lachine, will be the bride's attendants.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 25, 1909.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising.

Bewitching Effects in the New Millinery

We cannot think of, or coin, an adjective that is sufficiently forcible to emphasize the beauties of the newer models just received, but "bewitching" they undoubtedly are and "the most difficult to please" cannot fail to be charmed by these exquisite creations. One of the important and latest of fashion specialties that has captured the popular fancy of the stylish dressers is the shaggy Russian Beaver with the dashing Cavalier turn of the brim, a slight roll at the back. These are trimmed with the willow plumes, fine quills or the handsome Aigrette, but it is the splendid lines of these hats that charm, no matter how simply trimmed.

PERRIN GLOVES

STYLE - FIT - DURABILITY

MAGIC

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It is wise to use food products that are produced in clean factories.

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TORONTO, ONT.

BAKING POWDER

CARLINGS

CELEBRATED PORTER AND LAGER

UNEQUALLED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14*).

with the illusion of the artistic atmosphere.

The story of "A Man's World" is, briefly, as follows: A feminine novelist, who assumes the masculine nom de plume of Frank Ware, has taken to her home a woman who gives the impression that she has been betrayed. She dies, leaving her child to Miss Ware's care, who adopts him not knowing who the father is. Her growing love for this child and the tragic story of the mother moves the novelist to bend her energies in her writings against the apparent injustice of the world in its attitude towards the sexes for the same offence. Gossip, ignorant of her motives, accuses her of being the real mother of the child, an accusation she is too proud to deny. A dramatic moment arrives when she suddenly discovers that the man she loves is the child's father and has been the cause of her fight and bitterness against men. Love, however, shows the way out and a happy ending is the result.

In the play Miss Mannering assumes the role of Miss Ware, and is given many opportunities to prove her mastery of emotional stage expression. The role should prove popular, as in it she pictures womanhood at its strongest and highest. The play has clean motives and moral purpose.

* * *

Admirers of the mysterious story, "The Coast of Chance," and those who love an exciting play, will probably enjoy Eugene W. Presbrey's new play, "The Coast of Chance," at the Princess Theatre next Monday week. The manager, George H. Brennan, has provided what is said to be an excellent production, and the play will be interpreted by a cast including Hamilton Revelle, the well-known English leading man, who will have an unconventional English part; Miss Jane Oaker, who will play a society girl role; Frank Hatch, the well-known actor and stage director, in an elderly character part; also John Maurice Sullivan, Lydia Knott, Agnes Patton, Tamamoto, the Jap actor, and Anna Dale.

The play is a romance dependent for its mystery on the theft and possession of a Hindu ring, an heirloom of an English noble family, which vanishes at a dinner party. The fortunes of two men and a young and beautiful heiress are involved in the fortunes of the ring. It is therefore not merely a detective-thief story, but a drama of love and loyalty—rapid action and emotional climax following one another. Mr. Presbrey has not adhered slavishly to the plot of the novel, and it is predicted that the mystery will prove as piquant to those who have already read the book as to the general run of play-goers.

* * *

Mr. Charles Klein's noted play, "The Lion and the Mouse," comes to the Grand Opera House next week. The topic treated is the abuse of great wealth and the misuse of the influence which comes from its possession.

Its story deals with a young woman, whose father a U. S. Supreme Court Justice, is threatened with impeachment and ruin for judicial decisions adverse to the interests of the "money powers." The girl loves and is loved by the only son of the rich man who is foremost in her father's persecution. Through strategy she gains the millionaire's confidence in her endeavor to aid her father, and her success comes only when she thinks that she has lost her cause, and she tells the magnate a few plain truths which strike home. The money king, John Burkett Ryder, is the "lion" and the young woman, Shirley Rossmore, is the "mouse." These parts are admirably played by Oliver Doud Byron and Miss Edith Barker, and the other roles are in capable hands. The play is said to be well produced scenically.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

EDITH BARKER,
Appearing in "The Lion and the Mouse," at the Grand next week.

PADEREWSKI'S FINGERS.

Some Comments on Mechanical Piano Playing.

Mechanical piano playing is like mechanical reading, dull and uninteresting. Yet there are musicians who play mechanically because they have not succeeded in conquering the amazing difficulties which lurk in piano technique. They have a clear appreciation of the composer's thought, but their fingers fail to express their intention and their emotion. It may seem paradoxical, but because of their inability to conquer the mere mechanics of piano playing their playing is mechanical. If they were technical virtuosi, then they would be great musicians, for they have temperament and poetic insight. For such persons, the ordinary pneumatic piano player is of no advantage, because it does not permit of much expression. But the Angelus is not an ordinary piano player. Its marvellous patented inventions make it possible for the person playing to clearly bring out the melody of any composition and subdue the accompaniment, to accent the bass or the treble section separately or to accelerate or retard the music at will. The Angelus has everything that Paderewski had in his fingers; all it lacks is a musical brain and a poetic temperament and these can be supplied by the operator of this amazing device, for every music roll gives a clear indication of correct interpretation. Canadians can secure their Angelus as an interior part of the finest piano made in this country, the Gourlay. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have done a great deal for the progress of musical art in this country by producing such a magnificent combination instrument as the Gourlay-Angelus, now on exhibition at the Yonge street warerooms.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

KEITH—At Grace Hospital, on Thanksgiving Day, October 25, 1909, the wife of George A. Keith, of Bedford Park, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

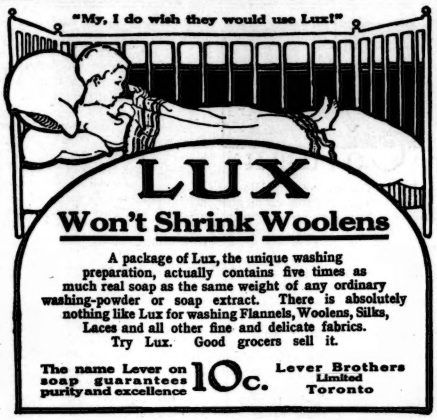
FINNIE—GIBSON—At the Presbyterian Church, Beamsville, Ont., on Wednesday, October 20, 1909, by Rev. D. C. McIntyre, D.D., David Nicholson Finnie, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Finnie, Ottawa, to Jean Lucretia, third daughter of Senator and Mrs. Wm. Gibson, "Inveruglie," Beamsville.

LEAK — McINTYRE — At Chalmers Church, Toronto, on the 27th of October, Herbert P. Leak, of Greensboro, North Carolina, to Agnes May, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. McIntyre, Toronto.

SARGENT—WEBSTER—At Belleville, on the 20th October, John Travers Sargent to Marguret Grant Webster, daughter of William Webster, Collector of Customs.

DEATHS.

CARRIQUE—At 243 Wellesley street, Toronto, October 23, 1909, Irene Carrique, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Carrique.



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Won't Shrink Woolens

A package of Lux, the unique washing preparation, actually contains five times as much real soap as the same weight of any ordinary washing-powder or soap extract. There is absolutely nothing like Lux for washing Flannels, Woolens, Silks, Laces and all other fine and delicate fabrics. Try Lux. Good grocers sell it.

The name Lever on soap guarantees purity and excellence 10c. Lever Brothers Limited Toronto

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
CANADA'S HANDSOMEST THEATRE ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF PERFECTLY VENTILATED
DOWN TOWN TICKET OFFICE: BELL PIANO ROOMS, 146 YONGE
WEEK NOV. 1. Mats. Thur. and Sat.
Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) present
Mary Mannering
SUPPORTED BY CHARLES RICHMAN
In Miss Mannering's Greatest Success,
"A MAN'S WORLD"
BY RACHEL CROTHERS,
Author of "The Three of Us."
"This is a man's world. Man sets the standard for women. He knows she's better than he is and he demands that she be—and if she isn't she's got to suffer for it. That's the whole business in a nutshell."
LAST WEEK'S CRITICISMS:
"A Man's World" is a strong play. Only compliments are in order.—Buffalo Commercial.
The best play Miss Mannering has had.—Buffalo Express.
Success of first order.—Buffalo Courier.
A strong play, worth seeing, thoroughly enjoyed.—Buffalo Inquirer.
Absorbing play, magnificently acted.—Buffalo News.
Forceful play. Stirs audience to enthusiasm.—Buffalo Times.
NEXT—MADAME NAZIMOVA

BY ROYAL WARRANTS FURRIERS TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
AND
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

DESIRABLE MODELS IN LONG FUR COATS

We announce an unusually complete display of the fashionable 36 to 50-inch Coats in Mink, Ermine, Broadtail, Sealskin, Caracul, Baltic Seal, Russian Pony, and other Furs which are adaptable to the character of the season's styles.

A strong demand has sprung up for Fur Coats trimmed with some contrasting fur. We illustrate a model in Russian Pony, 48 inches long, semi-fitting, with shawl collar, cuffs, and border on skirt of Plucked Beaver. Price, $100.

A very handsome garment of Sealskin is also illustrated here. The length—45 inches—is a very good one; the double-breasted effect without revers, and the turn-down collar, are very new and effective. Prices, according to quality of fur used, are $450, $560 and $620.

The same model in Persian Lamb is $225, $275, and $350.

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A Brew For Every Taste

O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER is brewed of the finest hops, malt and filtered water. The beer is filtered after brewing, and pasteurized after bottling.

O'KEEFE'S SPECIAL EXTRA MILD ALE is brewed for those who find the usual brews too heavy. It's extra mild.

O'KEEFE'S "GOLD LABEL" ALE is a rich, creamy, delicious brew that is the equal of any of the imported ales.

O'KEEFE'S "STAR" BEER has the delicious flavor of the fine lagers, yet contains less than 1½% of alcohol and is positively a non-intoxicant.

The bottles are sealed with the easily opened Crown Stoppers. No tinfoil or broken cork to get in beer.

Insist on Having O'Keefe's

"The Beers with a Reputation."

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED, - - TORONTO.

Takes All The Risk Out of Coffee Buying

It is put up in a sealed can—keeps its flavor—and besides, it has the guarantee of the firm that packed it.

"SEAL BRAND" Coffee is selected, blended, roasted, packed and guaranteed by the leading firm in this line in the world.

You are fully protected against inferior quality when you buy by the trademark.

"Seal Brand" is never sold in bulk — only in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins. At all grocers.

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GALEN HALL

HOTEL AND SANATORIUM **ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**

With its elegant comfort, its superior table and service and curative and tonic baths with trained attendants, is an ideal place for the winter. Always Open. Always Ready. Always Busy.

F. L. YOUNG, Gen'l Manager.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

Always Comfortable Always Elastic

"CEETEE" Underclothing delights the most particular—it is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, thoroughly combed and cleansed. It is SOFT and VELVETY to the skin—no irritating, tickling sensation as with ordinary underwear.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

"CEETEE" Underclothing fits snugly and wears well because it is knit to the form—not cut from the fabric—never becomes loose and uncomfortable, and is absolutely unshrinkable.

In all sizes for men, women and children. Insist on your dealer showing you "CEETEE." Our guarantee is behind it.

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1882 GALT, ONTARIO Limited
Manufacturers — Established 1859

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Daddy (who always comes for his good-night kiss)—May I come in? Voice of Nurse from inside (reproving)—But you can't receive your daddy in your chemise. Dolly (poking head out of door)—You can come in now, daddy; it's off.—Tit-Bits.

Gracie—Oh, Mr. Nocoyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet! Nocoyne—W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it to-morrow.—Tit-Bits.

The Lady on the Fan

(*Continued from page 9.*)

to be no more O Haru San left in them.

"Yes," at last O Haru San said to her father, after physicians and restcures had failed to solve her *Why*, "yes, I think I would like to go home to Tokio."

When Mr. Jack Travers read one morning a familiar name in the passenger list of the outbound "Nippon Maru," he shrugged his shoulders with less of his all-inclusive confidence. A wide sweep of starlit waters over which a tender moon-glow arose for the moment engulfed him. Would the little girl ever get back to her Fan? he fell to wondering. Could Fuji ever tower so chaste and high again? Could the bloom in time come back to the plum? Could she forget? Would she? But again the shrug. Nobody knew better than he that he was no more than a man.

Meantime the shores of San Francisco receded into memory as a slender little figure watched the fading outline of the Golden Gate. Slowly the waste of waters swept back her first sight of the new world, the wonder of it all and the fear. Then, slowly and relentlessly, all the rest.

A merciful gray fog settled over her little world as her thoughts ran out to meet the spectre of the placid-eyed little Lady on the Fan who had watched these shores the first time. With an overwhelming illumination her *How* arose above the memories of the starlit seas, the promenades upon the deck, at first within and then beyond earshot of the faithful Yoshida. Steadily and without flinching, the restless black eyes stared into the fog as her panorama of nights and days arose through a haze of cigarette smoke-wreaths, bringing its own answer to her ceaseless *Why!*

With every revolution of the wheels that were bringing her nearer the protecting heights of her native Fuji-San the lesson she had scorned grew upon her.

The faithful Yoshida, always within earshot, watched with surprise O Haru San's indifference to her fellow-passengers as the voyage progressed. Where there had been a few interested glances directed toward the Lady on the Fan on her first voyage there were many admiring eyes that followed the dark-eyed girl now. But "Yes," very kindly, and "No," very sweetly, she answered whatever advances were made toward sociability. Her moon-glow was now impenetrable and the snow-capped heights of Fuji no colder, more distant, than she.

These long quiet days brought her time for thinking out the problems the pace of her life had left unsolved, and during the sleepless nights, her brain unclouded by the smoke of cigarettes and the fumes of red wine, she discovered that her education in the Western way had been from the under side upward.

Even at the signal that sent all passengers, choking with fright, to the upper deck, O Haru San's moon-glow remained impenetrable.

Panic-stricken men beating down weak women, distracted parents searching vainly for lost children, futile prayers and curses rising above the hissing of the flames, brought her into the frenzied scene only at the distance of her own snow-capped heights. No one needed her care, no one called for her help, no one sought her out to save.

Boats were lowered into the water while the flesh of the deck-hands was charred in the act, as women and children, huddled at the rail, were hurled toward safety through the lurid water.

Overloaded, only half provisioned, the last boat bumped along the waves toward a dot on the horizon.

A tired little mother, fainting from weakness and exposure, begged O Haru San's pardon for jostling her as she tried to change her cramped position. "But it can't be helped," she said, "the boat is so overcrowded." Her tired arms at last relaxed their clasp of the little one at her breast and her tired senses were not aroused by the wail of protest. O Haru San reached tentatively toward the child and the tiny head, glad of the chance, cuddled down upon its new pillow. Cramped and numb in order that she might not disturb the child, she waited until the day dragged to its hideous close. There was only one thing she could do for these suffering children and that was so little—still space and rations were the great necessities.

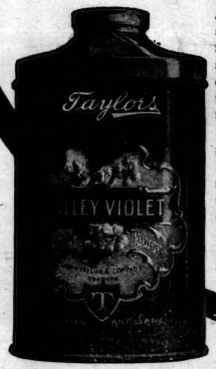
That she could be no less than a woman in feeling a woman's sympathy for this tiny thing in her arms was not exactly the way in which she put it to herself, as she carefully deposited the child in the space that had been hers, but the placid light was again in her eyes, as pure as when she had first crossed the water. It was such a little splash even the mother of the child turned too late to see the lithe figure disappear in the silvery wake of the moon-glow.—From The San Francisco Argonaut.

Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bath-room for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied: "Truly, I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can go and look at the towel."—The Delineator.

Mamma—Please Think of Me When You Buy Soap —Say "Infants' Delight"

"Infants' Delight" on soap is like "sterling" on silver—it means real worth. For we put the best of everything into this soap. We go many thousand miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil and to the famous gardens of France for olive oil. We boil and filter these oils and then put them through our secret milling process. After this they are crushed under a weight of 30 tons and passed through granite rollers from which they come out in miles of silky ribbons. It takes twenty-one days to make a single cake, but it is the finest soap ever made. It lathers into a creamy foam and wears as thin as a wafer. Try one cake this very day—see for yourself. 10 cents everywhere.

Taylors



Valley Violet Talcum Powder has all the dainty and exquisite fragrance of real violets. It is smooth and soft, so that when dusted on the most sensitive skin it leaves a delightful sensation of coolness. Nothing better after a good bath or after shaving. Borated and antiseptic, it soothes and preserves the skin. Indispensable in every nursery.

25 cents a box.

Taylor's Shaving Stick makes every man a regular customer after the first shaving. It lathers with a rich foam and quickly softens the beard. When the shaving is finished the face is cool and clean—the skin soft as velvet and as smooth as satin. It doesn't smart in the least and it won't dry on the face. You owe it to yourself to try this soap just once—then if you can, be content with the ordinary.

25 cents a stick everywhere.

John Taylor & Co., Limited
TORONTO

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THE BEST KNOWN UNDERWEAR IN THE WORLD

Nothing worn is subjected to severer tests than underwear. It has to meet so many requirements.

It must be comfortable and free from all harshness and irritation.

It must resist cold and protect from chills and changes of temperature.

It must wear well and long.

These requirements are met in every particular by JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR and because of this it has become *the best known* and *most worn* underwear in the world.

It is made to conform to nature's demands in protecting the human body.

Dr. Jaeger's book, "Health Culture," is full of interesting and necessary information regarding clothing. Sent free upon request with Illustrated Catalogue.

JAEGER UNDERWEAR is sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers in all principal cities.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

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A slight mistake may mean serious consequences.

All drug stores *aim* to be accurate.

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THE SAVING MADE

By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.

Send for Our New Booklet which tells in detail about our work.

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EATON'S

Selecting four representative hats from our millinery stock, we reproduce and describe them to further emphasize the artistic cleverness displayed by EATON milliners.

Upper left corner: A beautiful shape of white beaver with roll at left side. An exquisite white willow plume falls over crown from left to right, held in place by large silver rose. Its very simplicity is the charm of this hat.

Upper right corner: Picture hat of black velvet, with left front roll; large crown of fine white tulle, puffed high and full, large white osprey on left side, with two pairs of black mercury wings loosely attached to centre.

Lower left corner: A wide brimmed shape of moss green beaver, with upper brim of gold cloth; rolled up on left side. Large crown of Alaska sable relieved by three large green roses and leaves dropped carelessly on the fur. This hat embodies the style features of the season—metal effect, sable trimming and beaver shape.

Lower right corner: Turban style, sits low on the head, has deep band of fine striped Canadian mink, round crown of silver cloth, overdraped with puffed silver net in filet mesh; large round silver and brilliant buckle holds beautiful Paradise plume and mink tails.

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